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EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE OPINION OF THE EDITOR ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

The N. Y. World, the greatest democratic daily, in an editorial on John Sherman's speech of August 30th said, "It is strong in its simplicity and in the wisdom and patriotism that mark his conclusions." He was arguing for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act of 1890, which he said was passed to prevent the passage of a free coinage bill; which repeal will leave the country as to silver just where the Democrats for twenty years have denounced the Republicans, under the lead of Sherman, for putting it in 1873. Sherman continued and pleaded with the Senate and the President "to avoid doing anything that may endanger the interests of the country or stop any industry that is now profitably conducted. If you pursue a line of policy that will have that effect, by proposing a new tariff, you will only involve yourselves in the same troubles and in the same kind of defeat that we were involved in at the last election." Sherman is very solicitous that the Democrats shall not now involve themselves in defeat by tariff legislation. The World then proceeds with another editorial saying, "The extraordinary session was not called to take up the tariff question or to undertake general legislation. It was convened solely to repeal the Silver-Purchase act. That accomplished, congress should adjourn and give the country a rest. It needs time to breathe and to take its bearings." In the light of such as this, what is the difference between these parties on the questions of taxation and finance, and what prospect of relief?

In a coin dollar at the present ratio there are 412½ grains of silver, or 1-16 as many grains of gold. How is it that this given number of grains of gold is always "worth a dollar?" Because the law says so, and no man, therefore, will sell 25 8-10 grains of gold for less than he can have it *coined into*. Under like conditions, 412½ *grains* of silver would always be worth a dollar. Just as free and unlimited coinage of gold wipes out the difference between the bullion value and the coinage value of gold, so also it would do away with the difference between the bullion value and the coinage value of silver. And this is true at the present ratio as well as at any other.

The increase in the number of recruits into the regular army and in the number of applications at all the recruiting stations is attributed to "hard times." To the same source may be attributed the unseemly scramble for official pie. Because of increasing poverty, many are seeking some dirty little office under this administration which they would have been ashamed to ask for a few years ago. Some are bartering their manhood and the welfare of the nation for a mere smell of pottage. Poverty, self-seeking, separation, and then destruction of the common wealth.

The Democrats are charging the country's disastrous condition to the Republicans, and the Republicans are blaming the Democrats. One or the other or both are to blame. They alone have had the power. But, in the present crisis, the question is not so much who struck Billy Patterson, as who will heal Billy's wounds. And even if the Republicans did do the striking, their day is past and gone; the Democrats alone have the power to heal the wounds; and if they fail in this they'll be convicted of the murder of the commonwealth.

Mr. W. G. Burkhead, last year president of the great Interdenominational State Sunday School Convention, was not present to preside at its recent meeting in Greensboro. He had just been in Washington trying to secure a position as reading clerk, which, however, he failed to get. He would have made a better reading clerk than S. S. president. The new president will hardly seek other office.

"Howly Moses, Dinnis; look at Maloney a wroiting with a pen, and it 's awkward he is, to be shure!" "You are spaking the thruth, Patrick; but it 's the awkwardness of the dimmycrats a handling their chance that kapes me eye."

There is 16 times as much silver in a silver dollar as there is gold in a gold dollar. This is what is meant by the present ratio of 16 to 1.

During the last campaign the politicians said that they were for silver for revenue only. The people now learning that they were democrats for revenue only.

FLUCTUATING PATRIOTS?

The recent change of tune among the monopoly serving organs of the State, is a little remarkable. But let no one be deceived by it. We fear that it is done for a purpose, and not from an honest change of heart. We regret to believe this, but we have sufficient cause for doing so. If a stranger were to happen in this State, and were to pick up such papers as The News & Observer, The Wilmington Messenger, and The Charlotte Observer, (which by the way aspires to be the chief devil of the gang) he might be fooled (not knowing their past record) into believing that they were genuine reform papers. They are howling against goldbugs and monopolies, as if they were the original reformers and had a patent on the business. These are the same papers that tried to apologize for the goldbugs and monopolies, when it was to their interest to do so. They knew what was right then, as well as they know now. If they had acted from principles or conscience, that is, unless they plead the (baby act, and say that they did not know any better) they would have condemned these evils last year and the year before, instead of condemning and ridiculing those who did. So we give a note of warning to the people to watch these papers, they have some object in view. It may be that there is no campaign boodle coming to them now, and funds are getting short, and they see it is necessary to try to gain the confidence of the people and get subscribers. Then too the amount of boodle they will get when the next campaign opens, will depend upon how many readers they have been able to hold. Or it may be that they see that the people can't be fooled any longer, in fact that they have carried the game a little too far, and that it is now necessary to cuss out the administration, or shut up shop and quit business. Then too you know, that there is no National campaign on hand next year, and that the great desire and object of the machine, and the railroad men who own the machine is to control State politics in the next campaign. If Cleveland and the National administration grows unpopular, (as it is very probable) these papers are willing to serve the interest of their masters here in the State by denouncing Cleveland and all the Northern and Eastern Democrats as goldbugs and plutocrats in general, if by doing so, they can fool enough people to again follow their leadership in the State. In fact it would not surprise us to see these hypocrits getting up indignation meetings to denounce the Northern Democracy, and to try to regain their hold upon you by getting you out to their meetings, and having torch light processions, etc.

We regret to have to write this, but believe that it is our duty to warn the people. A man showed us an editorial in the Wilmington Messenger a few days since, and asked us if we did not believe it showed an honest change of heart in Dr. Kingsberry. We were forced to tell him no, because a man who will use the columns of his paper as long as he has to help monopoly oppress the people, can't now be honest in his latter profession of interest in the rights of the people, unless forsooth he has gotten religion again, and joined another church. It is hard for us to believe in the purity of motive of a man, who will not only help to place the interest of monopoly over the interest of the whole State, but who even in a contest between the people and monopoly in his own town, took the side of a large corporation, trying to shield them from paying honest taxes, when by doing so he was placing a heavier burden of taxes upon the poor of his own town. We are willing to admit that if he had been a free man, and not the hired writer of a corporation, he might have written differently. And if he is now expressing his honest convictions, it is because it suits the interest of the W. & W. R. R. for him to do so. Unless we have been sadly misinformed, he must simply be a mouth peace for them, or get down and out. But we have written more than we intended. We started out to give the people a warning against the general tendencies of these papers, and when their hidden purpose develops, we will then publish the facts.

THE REMEDY—THE ALLIANCE DEMANDS.

When THE CAUCASIAN gets 20,000 subscribers some of our present subscribers will say "I was one of its early friends. I helped double its circulation by sending in a club of new subscribers." (tf.)

"John Sherman a patriot."

—New York World.

SIMON P. D. JONES,

WRITES AGAIN AND ADMITS THAT HE IS BECOMING SHAKY

RICHLANDS, N. C. Aug. 29th 1893.—MR. BUTLER, DEAR SIR.—You must excuse me for botherin you so much, things are so badly stirred up down here I dont know what to do, seems like things are turning out just like you said when you made that speech down here for us that time. Well sir I never saw such doings in my life, things have just got mixed up so, I have jam nigh quit talking. While I was down to Uncle Agnose's I thought everything was alright except I heard 'em quarling about the school committee, the ½ party fellows said they had turned out every third party school committee in the county both black and white, and one fellow said he had heard they had put Mr. Jno. Brock a white man there about Richlands on the colored committee, and he asked me if it were not so, I had to fess up, but I mortally hated to, as soon as I heard that, it hurt my feelings, for I thought our fellows had gone too far, the third party fellows said the Republicans with all their meanness never got that low, and they said they could further prove, that some of our fellows around Richlands had been heard to say, that nobody but Democrat school teachers should be hired, and he said if my party demanded the proof he could give the man. Now Mr. Butler you know how we felt just after the election, we had gained the victory, and we cared no more about your civil service reform then, cause we were in power and did not need it, so we wanted to crush every fellow that did not agree with us, but that hiring of Democratic school teachers was going too far, the men we specially wanted to crush was them sort that spoke and talked so much about finance, that was about all you could hear when you got in reach of one, he talked silver all the time and said there was bad times ahead for we poor farmers and laborers. I felt right shamed for one poor third party fellow one evening, he asked Mr. Ed Chambers Smith why he did not tell the people the truth about this here financial trouble, and Mr. Smith he turned to him he did and said that's yer howl money, money, and he turned to us fellows and said, boys I'll tell you where your trouble is, it is the tariff on that old wool hat you've got on, and as sure as you reckon, we fellows made the welkin ring, and he said vote for that great and grand man Grover Cleveland and the tariff would be reformed as soon as he got in office, for it was robbing us millions every month, said trust it all to him for he was greater than his party and would save the country. So we did, and I expected by this time we would have had the tariff off of all our stuff, and we would have had them or State Banks what were in our platform. So that spring I wrote to you about one we wanted at Richlands but we never got it, and next thing I heard the Banks were all er bustin and everything going to pieces and I asked one of our fellows where Mr. Cleveland was. Why did not some of 'em tell him so he could reform the tariff and give us them State Banks, and they said hush, you must not say anything the President was gone to catch he and Mrs. Cleveland some fish to eat 'er mornin's for breakfast, so I kept quiet, but when I come from down the river, I heard some of our fellows say Old Zeb Vance had wrote a letter to one of the Alliances of the State, and said he was in favor of free silver, and our fellows was scared near bout to death, they thought Old Zeb had gone to the third party, and we did not know what to do, but bout that time he wrote another in reply to some of our paper men who had got after him with a sharp stick, and he said he was standing on the Democratic silver platform and them that did not see it like he did were either traitors or fools, so as soon as he said it was Democracy we squalled hurrah for Old Zeb, he is always right. What made us so particular, the ½ party fellows had said our platform was two sided and we thought if there wern't but one side to it Vance was surely wrong, cause we wanted a dollars worth of silver in a dollar, and Old Zeb was 'er standing along with the ½ party on 16 to 1, and we had to go mighty slow. But bless yer life as it stands now its just like the ½ party said there is two sides to it, for Vance and a lot more of our fellows are just a chopping on one side and Cleveland and the gold bugs are choppin on the other side, our leaders says the President has gone back on us, and I believe he has, the third party seem to know more about him than we did and its just like the ½ party fellow told Mr. Smith that day, its finances. Cause the President did not say a word about State Banks and just did mention tariff what our side talked so much about last fall when he called Congress together, but said it was the silver bill that needed attention, and it did hurt me when he said that for I knowed the ½ party fellows would give us gass just like they are doing. Some of our fellows say they were wright and if our side don't do something pretty quick, they are going to go with 'em. It does make me so sorry for our Post Master and his father-in-law, they do seem to hate it so bad that the ½ party did tell the truth. Now I hear one man has introduced a bill to repeal the tax on State Banks for six months, now how is that? Don't he know it is in our platform and we need money longer than six months, that aint no way to do, if we meant it when we put it in the platform, why not pass it for all time? Are they scared of our own platform? The cry was "give us a chance" and now we have got it, and I for one say pass everything thats in them, and if you can't do it, we have lied to the people, so quit and come home and let somebody go that will do something, for we have got to have relief and that right away. I am getting tired of this foolishness, they remind me of a pack of hounds I've heard before now. Scattered all over the woods one way up one way barking GOLD! GOLD! and another way barking SILVER! SILVER! and first thing you know they come trotting back with their tongues out and haven't done a cussed thing. Now Mr. Butler, we fellows have got to have some relief and that right away. Them fellows what's drawing their pay at Washington don't know how hard it is to live down here, and we are tired of their foolishness. People perishing to death in the towns and we farmers can't get nothing for our stuff. If no relief comes soon, from then on I shall be for the party that tells the truth, for I had hoped that the party I belong to and had trusted so faithfully would give us the much needed relief, and that the cry for bred that is heard on every side in our land to day, might soon be hushed, and on the wasted plains might be seen again beautiful fields of waving grain, and where thorns and thistles now grow nursed by the gentle hand of the farmer girl beautiful flowers might bloom, and if not mine, the party that gives this relief will be loved and respected forever.

Yours until death,

SIMON P. D. JONES.

CONFISCATION!

We desire to print here for the information of our readers an editorial article that recently appeared in the Boston Globe, the only democratic newspaper of large circulation or influence in the east. The statements made are conservative, and they cover the most important phase of the situation:

The gravity of the silver crisis lies in the fact that the question of demonetization must soon pass from the phase of a financial problem into a burning social issue, which, if it cannot be adjusted, must precipitate some catastrophe.

The difficulty is self-evident. Anything which causes the alteration of the ratio which the standard of value bears to other property must inevitably confiscate the property of one man for the benefit of another.

Thus, for example, the action of England and other countries has caused so great a fall in price of silver that debts paid in silver dollars would be scaled down more than one-half, and the lender would suffer proportionally. But supposing to go out of circulation, the supply of of gold would be so much less than the demand that its price would rise relatively to other commodities, with the result of confiscating the property of the debtor for the benefit of the creditor, and it is this great fact, and not the rapacity of the rich silver miners, which makes the bitterness and the danger of the present struggle. The silver kings could be handled easily enough, but it is the southern and western farmers, who see the progressive shrinkage in the price of a bushel of wheat of a pound of cotton who are desperate and who will be heard.

Nor is this movement confined to the United States; it extends over the whole world, and it was a suggestive fact that the demand for a single standard, which has tended and must tend to enhance the relative value of gold, originated with England, which is the great capitalistic nation, and whose direct interest it is to confiscate the property of all to whom she has lent money.

There can be no question that for the moment the commercial people have no alternative but to do likewise, since in no other maner is it possible to protest themselves; but it is equally certain that such action will not be a solution of the difficulty. The stubborn fact remains that a single standard, if persisted in, must end in enhancing the relative value of gold, and by so doing it will have the effect of taking a portion of the debtor's property and giving it to the creditor. It also seems certain that such an alteration in values can not fail to produce widespread distress, if not general bankruptcy, and that such a calamity affecting principally small property holders, would seriously endanger the stability of existing institutions. It could not fail, for example, to cause an enormous extension of socialism. It is not all impossible, therefore, that silver may be the test question upon which the relative strength of the capitalistic and the debtor classes may finally be tried all over the civilized world.

Strange to say, this article, just as it is reproduced, without comment, on the editorial page of the New York world, which is a hot and thirsty advocate of Wall street views, and yet it knocks the bottom out of argument that the money power ever has or ever will make in favor of the single gold standard.

Confiscation! That is the meaning of the destruction of silver as the money of final payment in this country. Confiscation of the debtor's property! Confiscation of the wages of labor! Confiscation of the profits of the farmer! Confiscation of the profits of the merchants and business men!

That is the scheme on foot! That is the programme of England. How is it to be done? By the combination of a few eastern democrats with the republican agents of the money power

A FEW SHOTS

FROM HAYSEEDER RODERICK.

He Hits The Bull's Eye Every Shot.

Well isn't it amusing though to see how Democrats are abusing each other and finding fault with their Prisident?

* * *

Before the election the Democratic papers and speakers spoke of Cleveland as the great, immaculate Grover the man who was bigger than his party. Now they say that they were deceived in Grover. Hurrah boys! I'll swear you are daisies.

* * *

Nine months ago, anybody who didn't vote for Cleveland was an anarchist, and enemy to law and good government. What do you extreme democratic brethren, who are now so severely criticising Grover say?

* * *

It seems that we heard Democratic speakers and editors tell the people last fall that Cleveland and the Democratic party were in favor of free silver. We thought we heard it, I guess we were mistaken. We regret very much that we get things so tangled in our minds.

* * *

Remember voters, that the Legislature of 1893 that tried to repeal the Alliance charter only cost the people of the State a little more than $311.000, more than did the Legislature of 1891 that was controled by the Alliance.

* * *

Some democrats now say that such democrats as Vance, Bland and Bryan will organize the ½th party.

* * *

Did you know that the Raleigh correspandent, of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Messenger some time since, was lamenting or rather wondering that while the Populist Party is rallying its forces that they never hear anything of Mr. John B. Eayes. I guess he thinks that the Democratic party is getting in a rather close place and he wants this Republican leader to help them out again.

* * *

We were asked the other day if we knew any politicians who make money at it. Of course we do, Josie Daniels and Chairman George Herring (col.) make money by dabbling in politics.

* * *

We hear numbers of democrats say now that they are Vance Democrats. That's right boys, but you will find that you will have to give up the name "DEMOCRAT" before you can ever get that policy carried out.

* * *

Democrats said just before the election that Cleveland was defeated four years ago, because he was too honest. Democrats, why are you abusing him now? Is he too honest for you?

* * *

Some democrats say that if Vance were to come to us that they can beat us in the next election. They say that they bought the negroes before and can do it again. We think that there are some colored folk who are too honest to sell their votes and too wise to be fooled again.

* * *

Josie Daniels the little pie nibbler at Washington, who edits the Wall Street North Carolinian at Raleigh, says the issue sheet of Aug. 11th: "A man who favors a gold standard may be a good democrat if he has imbibed the true principles of democracy." Josie, please tell us what the true principles of democracy are Our speakers and editors told us last fall that to be a true democrat you must favor the free coinage of both gold and silver and a reduction of the tariff.

* * *

Hello Dr. Thompson! do you ever hear how Jim and Ed are having their little parrot to sing in their little sheets these troublous times since Vance has taken a stand and Cleveland and a majority of the democracy deserted the Democratic platform?

* * *

Well don't the democrats let their Gideon's Band lie low these times? It seems to sleep with the tariff issue.

* * *

We met a democrat the other day and he said that the reason we Third Party people were crying hard times and wanted more money is that we had gotten behind and wanted to pay out of debt. We went on a little further and met a democrat who was also complaining of hard times and said he couldn't sell his tobacco. We thought democrats all had money in great abundance.

* * *

The democrats have become to be a band of calamity howlers. Stop it, democrats don't you know there is plenty of money in circulation. It is overproduction that causes all these hard times.

* * *

Do you think of joining the ½th party? We think that sensible people will stop at the ½rd party.

* * *

Listen how democrats are now indorsing Vance for his position on the Sherman Law. They say he is correct. Why do they say so? The people are with him You remember how they abused him at first and said that he was out of line with his party. Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel.

* * *

Look my friends, and see what party is advocating the thing you want. Is it not the People's Party.

* * *

Fellow citizens; how many of you voted the Democratic ticket last fall because the bosses came round and told you you must voteit because your "dadies" were democrats. Did your "dadies" ever vote for such democracy as Cleveland & Co. deal out to you now?

* * *

We have been asked by democrats if we thought that Gen. Weaver was the proper man for the Populist Party to have put out for President last fall, Democrats, do you think that Grover Cleveland was the proper man for the Democratic party to have put out?

* * *

Well doesn't the Presidents message make Rev. Col. Dr. Kingsbury LL. D. of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Messenger squirm and grin and rave for the future of the Democratic party?

* * *

How about Mr. Pie-fed Josie Daniels, of the Wall Street North Carolinian, Democrat, Allianceman or what ever else the Legislature may happen to be. Isn't he a honey in trying to defend Mr. Cleveland? Esau sold HIS birthright for a mess of pottage, but it seems that Josie has sold his for a mess of pie, or rather a clerkship. Puff Josie, your gas will amount to nothing. The people are thinking for themselves.

* * *

Do you remember how democratic papers ridiculed the idea last fall that Wall Street contolled the prices of products. Listen how they talk on this line now.

* * *

And some of you assert that you will continue to vote the democratic ticket even if congress does nothing for the relief of the people. All right; go ahead, there are reasonable people enough to control this country.

* * *

And behold Robert, the would-be-destroyer comes back to the Alliance and exhorts the brethren not to withdraw their money from the State Business Agency. That is right Robert. We thought you would learn that you were not as big as the State Alliance.

* * *

"Oh Joseph! Oh Joseph is so deceivin till the people won't believe him! oh Joseph."

* * *

Well, how about Jimmie Bell, the Gideonite? And Cleveland wouldn't appoint him a member of his cabinet. What a pity that such an intellect and such a character "should waste its sweetness on the desert air."

* * *

Say Messrs. democratic editors if you want to know the cause of some Alliance stores failing, just fire away with your questions. Look out some of you non-partisan Alliancemen! Some of you didn't cover up your tracks quite as well as you thought you did.

* * *

Democrats, you said right after the election that Clevelands election put up the price of cotton. I guess it is keeping it up is it not?

* * *

And "Tobie" Stevens built up the Alliance in his community by coming out of it. The neighbors know a good man and know that traitors and bad men will drag down a good cause. Where is "Tobie" of the Jim Bell stripe?

* * *

We know some democrats who say they would not vote the Republican ticket if they positively beyond doubt knew that the Republican was right. Some of these are "non-partisan" Alliancemen who have sworn to vote the democratic ticket let come what may.

* * *

Wonder who is furnishing Jimmie Bell in surplus this summer? The Alliance used to furnish him, but he wouldn't pay for his goods. We do sincerely hope that he will not treat his local merchant as he did the Alliance.

* * *

The boss democrats tell Congress to repeal the Sherman Act and go home; there is money plenty in circulation and the tariff is not hurting a bit.

* * *

Isn't that wave of prosperity that the democrats last fall told us was coming delightful?

* * *

Democratic editors and speakers told the people last fall that the tariff was responsible for the low prices of cotton and if the people would elect them they would repeal the tarifi. The cotton is almost ready to market and there is nothing done nor said about the tariff. Say voters, are you going to let them fool you again?

* * *

The policy of the democratic Party is to promise everything and do nothing. Watch and see if we are not a prophet.

* * *

Notice: It was in 1873 that the wily Matt W. Ransom voted in Congress to raise his own salary $2,500 a year. They say he is a typical patriotic democrat.

* * *

Are you a democrat for principle or for revenue? You say you are one for principle. What constitutes the principle of a party? It is the stand the majority of that party take. It seems that Mr. Cleveland and a majority of that party are in favor of a gold standard, You expect to remain a democrat? If so, why?

* * *

Are you howling over free coinage? You are getting the principle of your party.

* * *

Say, democrats, stop that calamity howling, you blatant, open-mouth fools, don't you know that it is overproduction that causes all these hard times?

* * *

Isn't it strange that we sometimes dream of things that used to be but are not now? Why we drempt the other night that the tariff was robbing the people.

* * *

Say has Congress repealed the tariff? It must have done so for we never hear anything of it these times.

* * *

Rev. Col. Dr. Kingsbury, LL. D. of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Messenger said last summer that democrats would have to join with the "blacks and tans" to save the country, now he says that the Republicans have ruined the country. The divine should be more consistent in his statements.

* * *

The democratic papers and speakers said last fall that we had more than $23 per capita in circulation. Now they say we have less than $6 per capita. Well hasn't it "swunk?"

* * *

The Sampson Democrat said in its last issue that every plank in the People's party platform except the plank on finances has decayed. Does the Democrat claim that the income tax plank that it (the Democrat) was so clamarous for a short while since has decayed? Does it claim that a reduction of the tariff plank by the supplementing of the revenue with an income tax is dead? If so, we think the Democrat is mistaken. The Democrat further says that Congress can legislate the People's Party out of existance. The Democrat is correct thus far, but it will have to give relief to the people and not try to crush, or hush their cry by giving them a stone when they ask for bread as did the last Legislature of N. C., nor will democratic plans of persecution as in the case of S. Otho Wilson stop the clamor of the people for relief.

* * *

Let's all, Democrats, Populist, and Republicans watch Congress impartially and in the next election vote for the interest of our country and families regardless of party.

RODERICK.

THE FEW AND THE MANY.

Politicians Rant About "Progress" While They Deceive and Rob Labor.

The rich are becoming richer and the poor poorer. The few revel in wealth beyond the dreams of ambition, and the many "toil and moil" for a bare subsistence. Monopoly rules, and the masses suffer from corporate greed. The small storekeeper has been swallowed up by so called syndicates, and the army of wage earners is becoming larger every day. Progress is the latest parrot cry of the age, and in its name labor is made to suffer.

We are belabored with platitudes about "progress" and the interest of commerce. Fine terms surely. Did they not steal the bread from the children of toil and add thousands to the immense army of the unemployed who walk our streets in the painful apathy of enforced idleness, while the dear ones at home are in need of the necessaries of life?

Progress is a gigantic and hollow sham, which has raised cheating and swindling and lying to the dignity of arts. The laborer who helps to elect a man to office and that man uses his position to hurt labor is cheated by the polished hypocrite who wields his power to injure those who gave it to him.

Society in our large cities is divided into three classes—the rich, the politician and the workingman. The two former have entered into an unholy alliance to crush the spirit of the latter and make him feel that it is by their forbearance he is permitted to live a free man. In no civilized country is there less sympathy between the rich and the poor.

The capitalist is a tyrant and the laborer an unwilling slave. The former, conscious of the purchasing power of money, asks special legislation to make him richer. He knows the most powerful argument to convince a politician or convert an editor to his views, and he uses it effectually. Having convinced the politician that the laborer does not know what is best for him, the pampered officeholder arms himself with the logic of "progress" and stoutly maintains that the good of the community demands that further facilities be given to railroad monopolies to become richer. That style of reasoning may soothe the conscience, but it never can convince the mind. The prosperity of the people cannot be separated from the good of the masses.

The advocates of "progress" have done well, if not for the laborer, at least for the capitalists, and the working classes will not forget it. The power of labor is in the franchise, and by an independent and judicious use of it the minions of capital can be driven from place and representatives of the people elected to the offices which are to-day disgraced by hirelings. Many of the working classes are Irishmen or the sons of Irishmen who left their native land to seek here employment and a home. But the condition of the workingman in America is little better than in Ireland. On them falls the weight of taxation, which they pay in the increased rents of their miserable tenements and the advanced charges which the storekeepers are obliged to charge. The many will have to assert their rights at the polls and make the few recognize the fact that they are not masters but stewards of the riches they possess.—Catholic Herald.

The Duke Is Sad.

The progress of socialism is, we see, making the Duke of Cambridge a sadder—it could not, of course, make him a wiser—man. "It was very sad," he said at a charity dinner last night, "to think that the masses were led to believe that they could benefit themselves by pulling down the classes.

"In this world," continued his royal highness, "of course it was impossible for all of us to be on a level, for if all were made equal one day some would be superior on the morrow. [Renewed applause.] Fortunately the world was governed and ought to be governed by common sense, and he hoped it would always continue to be." [Hear! hear!]

But the duke forgets two things: The first is that it is quite possible to imagine a new order of society under which those who "would be superior on the morrow" would be so in virtue of merit and not of birth. And the second is that under the existing order of society, though proved capacity can often ascend, no effective means — as Professor Huxley somewhere laments—have yet been found for making proved incapacity descend.—Westminster Gazette.

Municipal Versus Private Contract.

An inquiry directed to 29 small cities from Maine to Texas, having their electric street lamps provided and maintained by private corporations, shows that the average annual cost per lamp to the cities is $106.01. A similar inquiry directed to 23 small cities that own and run their own electric street lamps shows that the average annual cost per lamp to those cities is $63.04. In the latter case several of the cities obtain considerable income from lamps supplied to private persons.

Where's the Prophet?

When Cleveland was elected, cotton was worth 9 cents per pound. Since his inauguration it has not been worth over 7 cents and keeps right on going lower. Where are those flannel mouthed prophets that said if Cleveland was elected times would be better and prices of produce higher? We presume they died in scrambling for the offices or retired disgruntled on pocketing their salaries. Anyhow the people got left all the same. —Southern Mercury.

VANCE'S THUNDERBOLTS.

A GREAT SPEECH. A GRAND ORATION. A SPLENDID HEROIC VINDICATION OF THE PEOPLE'S CAUSE

HE DENOUNCES THE ADMINISTRATION AND DECLARES IN THUNDER TONES THAT—

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS THE TOOL OF COMBINED CAPITAL.

HE CALLS UPON THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS TO REDEEM THEIR PLEDGES TO THE PEOPLE.

Speak or Die.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1st.

Vance spoke against an equinoxial storm to-day, but the announcement of his speech packed the galleries and filled every chair on the Democratice side of the Senate chamber. He spoke against the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law and the leaders among the unconditional repeal Democrats were conspicuous by their absence. The few that remained, Gorman among them, took the medicine like little men. Gorman expected that Vance would say something entertaining and original about the administration and he was not in the least disappointed. Senator Colquitt was rolled into the Chamber in an invalid chair and listened with great interest to the speech. The House lost its quorum through the absence of members who went over to the Senate by the dozens. The speech commanded the closest attention throughout the hour and forty minutes of its delivery. Senator Ransom was a deeply interested listener. The many humorest side remarks, with which it abounded, and which at times convulsed the grave and solemn looking Senators was cast on Ransom. There was not a smile on his face that indicated in the remotest way the slightest feeling of hilarity, and it was noticed that he was one of the few Senators who did not offer any congratulations al the close of the speech. It was a candid and significant admission that Vances position had neither his sympathy or approval. He was evidently seriously disturbed by some of its sharpest utterances, when criticising the administration, and showed dreadful suspense and anxious expectation of some declaration of political independence of the Democratic "machine" Little wonder, for Vance's voice thundered when he characterized the Democratic party "as the tool of combined capital." Again was Ransom startled when he vehemently said that the National Democratic platform was a lie from invocation to its doxology"—if it didn't mean the free coinage of silver. Vance was in splendid trim. His voice was clear and strong and had the ring of the old days in it, when the people hung with bated breath on every word that fell from his lips. He was dressed in a confederate gray suit with a red flower decorating the lapel of his coat. At the conclusion of the speech Senators forgot their dignity long enough to crowd around him and extend their earnest felicitations.

WHAT THE REPEAL OF THE SHERMAN LAW MEANS.

Starting out with the declaration that silver constituted one-half the metalic money of the world, he said if coinage is stopped silver ceases to live throughout the commercial nations of the earth, and drops out of sight. The repeal of the Sherman law, without any substitute providing for the continued coinage of silver, is the end of silver money for this generation, unless a great revolution of the people should restore it, as was done after the fraudulent demonetization of 1873.

THE RUIN THAT FOLLOWS.

Then the trouble of the defenseless begins; the glory of the capitalist is exalted; the fatness of the usurer waxeth, an woe be unto him who is in debt. One-half of the money of the world's productions among its inhabitants devolves upon the other half—the price of the remaining money, gold, goes up—that is to say the price of every product and every day's work goes down. Let no man doubt that this movement is the result of a conspiracy, a combination among the money-holders of the world.

WHY THE PANIC WAS STARTED.

The intent of this combination, he said, is to increase the value of the gold in the hands of those who hold it, and to increase the values of all securities, personal and governmental, by making them payable, which are likewise held by these conspirators. The method of attack on this last remaining stronghold of silver was by the creation of a panic.

Never, he declared, was there a more senseless clamor or a more criminal disturbance of public confidence

THE TRUTH ABOUT IT.

We are told that although the amount of gold produced from the earth was not increasing, that there was an extraordinary amount of it held in private hands in Europe and America. That tells the whole sto-

Continued on second page.

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NOT THE RIGHT REMEDY.

The enormous millions now being made so rapidly, and the alarming overproduction of the crop of millionaires which has so long been attracting the attention of the people, is now beginning to attract the attention of some little plutocrats, who are probably growing envious of thieves who are bigger than they. These plutocrats do not wish to change the financial system, or rather we might say the industrial system which includes the great question of the finance, taxation and transportation, because they hope through this evil system to become millionaires themselves. They are now advocating an Inheritance tax, which does not stop the evil, or give relief to the people, but simply takes from the big thief when he gets ahead of the little thief. Several States have already put on their statute books a law to this effect. This gives the people no genuine relief. The way to remedy the evil is to go to the root of it, not to be clipping of twigs from the upas tree. The People's party proposes to remedy it by chrystalizing into the law the great Democratic principles in their platform, to change the financial, tax and transportation question, so as to put very man who labors on an equal footing so they can enjoy the fruits of their labor according to their toil. No question is ever settled until it is settled right. And when the people again get charge of their government, this and many other questions will be settled and not until then.

"SPEAK OR DIE."

The salient points in Senator Vance's speech in opposition to the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law will be found in Washington correspondence of THE CAUCASIAN this week. When he say that the National Democratic platform is "a lie from invocation to doxology," if it does not mean the free coinage of silver, he only repeats what THE CAUCASIAN has said a thousand times over. When he says the platform was constructed for the purpose of deceiving the people and that it did deceive the people he simply affirms what THE CAUCASIAN has been saying weeks and months. When he says the Democratic party under the leadership of Grover Cleveland is no longer the friend of the people, but the subservient tool of the money power he again emphasizes a truth that has been conspicuous in the columns of this paper for years. It is a manly, courageous speech. But what is Senator Vance going to do about it? He can not longer maintain his identification with the Democratic party and maintain his self-respect? Will not common decency demand his repudiation of apathy that is false to its principles, false to its pledges, false to the people?

Under which King, Bensonia?
"Speak or die."

It is related that once upon a time an aged Dutchman and his wife were spending a Sunday afternoon togethher, when the following conversation occurred:

She, yawning wearily—"Oh, ho, ho! I do vish I vas in Heben!"

He, sullenly—"Vell, I vish I vas in a schtill-house!"

She, eagerly—"I'll be bount vor you olt man: always bickin' oud de ver' best blace vor yourself!"

She thought a still-house better than Heaven! But there's many a man in the State of North Carolina, and some of them members of the church, who would rather be a storekeeper in the house of a distiller than to dwell in the tents of righteousness. We used to think that, if ever the Democrats got a chance, they would repeal the Internal Revenue laws. They used to figure out and parade the oppressive cost of the system. They fought and won in this State many a campaign on their promise to repeal. If they "could call back" about sixteen years, they could lift the burden. Read the following from the Charlotte Observer: "The feeling against the internal revenue laws has in the past been fierce and bitter in Western North Carolina, and persons who have no sort of sympathy with illicit distilling or with law breaking in any other form, have been angered beyond expression by the brutality which has attended the execution of the revenue laws, and for remedy have called loudly for the repeal of the laws themselves. As time has gone on, the rigors of the system have been greatly modified, and with the new order of things this prejudice has passed away."

The NEW ORDER of things indeed! The Republicans out and the Democrats in.

OVERPRODUCTION.

The organs of the triumphant plutocracy have been howling overproduction because the price of cotton remains so low, and now we want to tell them that there is an overproduction of—banks—over three hundred have failed thus far this year.

Overproduction of working-people—two hundred thousand out of employment in the great city of Chicago, and hundreds of thousands idle for want of work in all parts of the country.

Overproduction of factories of various kinds. They are suspending operations in all parts of the country. Overproduction of tobacco—it is selling below the price of last year, so we are informed, and some tobacco markets will remain closed.

Overproduction of mercantile goods—many of our merchants have their stores filled with them, with but few purchasers occasionally to buy them. Ten million people in this country that don't get enough to eat and wear, and still we have overproduction.

And again we have an overproduction of office-seekers—in the Democratic party.

An overproduction of cunning politicians who try to use the farmer element of our voting population as tools to elevate themselves to high positions of public trust.

There is also an overproduction of Democrats and Democratic newspapers who are to-day "cussing" and abusing Grover, the goldbug extraordinary and plutocrat plenipotentiary, for the message he sent to congress.

We have referred, in the above, to overproduction that is overproduction, but as there is so much, at this time, we will not weary our readers in recounting it.

SPEECH MAKING AND REFORM LITERATURE.

We have been forced for the last week or two to decline a number of pressing invitations to speak to large gatherings. Our friends must not be displeased with us, for we are doing all that our ability will command, and our strength will permit. We have labored unceasingly both on the stump, and through the columns of the paper for the advancement of the reform movement, and will continue to do so until the victory is won. But my friends allow me to remind you, that the paper is more important just now than speech making. With twenty thousand subscribers I can do ten times as much good, as if I were to speak every day for the next two years. Remember that every voter either reads some paper, or is influenced by somebody who does read. The impression or good effect of the most powerful and eloquent reform speech ever made is soon dissipated and destroyed if those who hear it, do not read or continue to read nothing but partisans papers, that have for their sole object to blind, deceive, and mislead the people. Besides one or more new phase of the fight are developed every week, about which the people should, and must be correctly informed. The only way to make the reform succeed by speech making, is for the same (or some other good speaker) to speak to the same audience every week; especially is this true now while congress is in session. But that is impossible, and too expensive if it were possible. But the same results can be accomplished through the columns of an honest live paper. THE CAUCASIAN gives the true situation every week as the fight proceeds. No man can stay on the stump much of his time and properly edit a paper that will carefully present the situation every week. I will go and make speeches whenever I possibly can without neglecting the paper. But if you will put THE CAUCASIAN in one hundred more homes in your county, you have done more good for the cause of truth, justice, and reform than if you had gathered a big meeting and had the best speakers in the State to talk for you. So let me urge you all, whether you have public speaking or not, to lose no opportunity, and to spare no effort to get THE CAUCASIAN (or some other good paper that will tell the truth) into the hands of every voter in your section. Do this and the victory is won. (tf.)

THE REMEDY--THE ALLIANCE DEMANDS.

THE ROBBER TARIFF.

On August 30th, the Democratic party had been in power twenty-five weeks. During that time (according to ante-election statements) the "culminating atrocity" has robbed us of just $316,538,450. This must be charged up to them as they are in complete control and could, ere this, have wiped out every vestige of the "McKinley monstrosity." We propose to keep tab on this weekly, adding $13,461,538. Just watch how it grows and show the result to your democratic neighbor.—Dakota Ruralist. (tf.)

"THE ONLY MENACE."

The Poor Old Campaign Tariff not in it Any More.

A financial condition which is the ONLY MENACE to the country's welfare and prosperity.—Grover Cleveland, June 5th, 1893. tf

ONE GOOD OF OPPRESSION.

We may well believe that "where sin abounds, grace doth the more abound," and that, in a kind Father's providence, evil is self-destruction. Necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the mother of all action as well. What we do, we do by constraint. The necessity for one's action is always real at least to oneself; and, as we never act until the need of acting is realized in our own minds, so when the need is realized we never fail to act. You never miss the water till the well runs dry; then you dig deeper. The Prodigal returned to his father's house only when he had been reduced to the husks which the swine did eat. Men remain in the bondage of the Egyptian until after the tale of bricks is doubled and the straw is denied. Then they flee in a body and escape an intolerable servitude.

Upon this basis we can understand how, in the midst of the same grievous circumstances, some men long ago cried out calamity while other men, full as sensible, ridiculed the calamity-howler and would have muzzled him as a disturber of a prosperous peace. And, the evil continuing, we can understand, furthermore, how after a time, upon the principle that the dog struck last howls loudest, those who would have muzzled their neighbors became themselves the chief calamity-howlers. The realization in them was later, but the howling none the less certain. We now behold numerous lean canines, the hayseeder and the business man, the countryman and the townsman, regardless of position affiliation, howling simultaneously, and inclined more and more to consolidate their howling. Of common men only two classes are uncomplaining: those who hold official position or have the promise and expectation of it.

Love, which worketh no ill to his neighbor, is indeed the greatest thing in the world. We are brethren, mutual stewards of one another's goods and welfare. This truth we fail to comprehend at our own cost. The interdependence of men of every legitimate avocation is the lesson to be learned from the present ruinous conditions; which, having been made possible only by the bitterest variance through partison blindness, affect alike the merchant and the mechanic, the professional man and the man of business, the man of prosperity and the humblest laborer who can offer only his muscle for sale to buy bread, whether in town or in country, and the farmer who first, at the bottom of the pile, felt the oppression. We are forced to learn that the grievances we suffer are common grievances. The merchant is forced to fail, his assets are sacrificed, and the toil of years leaves nothing for him and his children. The banker fails (if he be not one of the greatest) and stands aghast at the ruin which comes suddenly upon him. The man with full bank account finds his wealth is swept away by another's failure. The manufacturer, who thought himself secure, cannot realize upon sales or securities, ond fails or shuts down, not for lack of property but for lack of money, circulation, the very blood of business. The operative suffers want through enforced idleness. The mechanic finds no employment. The laborer in country and town humbly "begs his brother of the earth to give him leave to toil." The farmer who perchance feeds full for the present shudders to think of the day of ruin that awaits his certain inability to pay obligations shortly to mature. But, whatever may have caused and precipitated this widespread disaster and threatened crash, and whichever political party you may think responsible for it, these things are undeniable; the few who control the currency feed fat in every wreck on the misfortunes of the weaker of every class, and 2, no political party will relieve the distress and avert the ruin except under the certain penaly of forfeiting the support of all those that suffer.

If it be true that misery loves company, it is equally true that when misery becomes intense and prevalent it will have it; and, when the size of the company becomes sufficient, then the misery will as certainly be removed by the united action of the miserable. The one thing needful for the removal of the ruinous oppression and injustice that is now complained of by the weaker in every avocation is unity of action on the part of all those that suffer; and in the nature of things the suffering will not only continue but continue to increase until its own bitterness makes it intolerable. This secures unity of action and thereby freedom from oppression. "The cause of Boston," said our forefathers, "is the cause of us all!" Through common oppression we become brethren indeed. This is God's means of making us work out our own material salvation. So evil becomes self-destructive.

CYRUS THOMPSON.

Aug. 28th, 1893.

ATTENTION BATTALION.

There will be a reunion of the first N. C. Battalion H. A. known as Maj. McRae's Battalion at Kelley's Grove, Bladen county Thursday Sept. 21st 1893. All survivors of said Battalion are requested to attend. Cp. John D. Taylor, Lieutenant Eugene Martin and others are expected to address the Battalion. The committee will make all necessary arrangements for a pleasant time.

The Baptist and Sampson Democrat please copy.

R. M. BLOODWORTH, Chairman. N. R. CROOM, Secretary.

VANCE'S THUNDERBOLTS.

[Continued from first page.]

ry—the decreasing supply, and the extraordinary holdings in the hands of the conspirators—silver, the only rival of gold, being wiped out, the world would be at the mercy of those who held the yellow metal. And so the attempt is now made to give the finishing to silver by this panic, more fraudulent than was the legislation of 1873.

OH! THE HYPOCRITS.

All parties, he said, profess bimetalism. They all declare for the use of both gold and silver in their speeches and public professions. Even the author of that much abused and maligned law that they wish to repeal says he is a bimetalist; so do all the Republican Senators on this floor; every one; likewise the author of the bill to repeal that law and those on the Democratic side who agree with him—all claimed to be devoted bimetallist; some, on conditions available in all things except as to time. They say, "Not now; the stringency is too great; at some other time we will do the thing that is right by silver. Go thy way, at a more convenient season I will call for thee." I have even heard that the President himself is a bimetallist, but this is not autheatic.

THE SAME OLD "DEAR PEOPLE'S PARTY.

There has never been a robbery imposed upon the American people in the shape of tariff of any article, from a darning needle to a steel rail, from a 25-cent wool hat to a $500 shawl, that has not been imposed in the name and for the benefit of the laboring people alone. The idea that the capitalist was to be benefited by tariff taxation was always scouted as altogether untrue. Strange to say, this impudent and unblushing lie always found some believers—such is the credulity of mankind. The same tactics are resorted to in this discussion of the financial question.

A LIE FROM INVOCATION TO DOXOLOGY.

Knowing the popularity of silver money with the great masses of the people, speakers tn this House and the other sing the same praises of bimetallism, from the invocation to the doxology of these services, coupled with the solemn averment that they are the best and truest friends of that system to be found, and that unconditional repeal is the only true road to attain it. With all the grave pledges of their party platforms, State and national, staring them in the face, as well as their own speeches, promises, and votes in the recent past, blowing trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of the taking-off of silver, they clamor all the fiercer and all the louder that the only way to save silver is to repeal the one law on our statute book which gives it life,

INCONCEIVABLE CHARLATANRY.

We hear Democrats declare they love silver money bimetallism; therefore they slay it. They want both metals; therefore they abolish one. They want gold and silver coined on terms of equality, according to their platform, and so they stop coining silver in order the better to restore it.

CUT ITS THROAT AND TAKE A NEW START.

Truly they must love silver much, since they chastise it much. We will suppose a man is ill and on his bed—the kind physicians doctoring in vain—he slowly sinks, his pulse is low and feeble. Finally a bolder physician comes in who practices on the heroic theory, and he says to the others, "You are all wrong and wasting time in trying to restore this man by nursing and stimulating him; he will never get up in that way in the world. Let us try a new plan; let us cut his throat and take a new start; we can adopt other remedies for his restoration to life after that."

SPEAK OR DIE.

Referring to the National Democratic platform, adopted at Chicago, he with a voice loud and distinct—when the platform denounced the Sherman law as "a cowardly makeshift" did it mean a makeshift for free coinage of silver, or of the use of gold?—a makeshift for bymetallism or monometallism? "Under which king; Bezonian? Speak or die!"

A COWARDLY AND LYING MAKESHIFT.

If the framers of that plank meant, he said, that it was a cowardly makeshift for the free coinage of silver, is not the bill for its repeal, without a line in its place, a greater coward and a worse makeshift? Is not the coinage of 54,000,000 ounces per annum nearer to free coinage than the coining of none? If it was meant that it was a cowardly makeshift for gold monometallism, is not the language of the platform itself both a cowardly and a lying makeshift for the truth?

INTEREST OF BANKERS AND STOCKHOLDERS.

If the langugage of the platform means only that we are to oblige the bankers, bondholders, and stockbrokers first, by unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, accompanied only by a short stump speech in the belly of the act, saying that it is our policy at some future time—the Lord knows when—to do something further—the Lord knows what [laughter]—in the direction of carrying out the other promises of the platform—are not the makers and upholders of that declaration of policy and purposes open to the charge of insincerity and of so framing words as to deceive the people whose suffrage they were seeking?

WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENEND IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Looking Ransom straight in the face, evidently expecting some sign of appeal, he declared with startling emphasis:

If such an interpretation of the platform as is contended for here by those who will vote for repeal, and presumably by the President, had been announced during the campaign of last year, I am quite sure Mr Cleveland would not have carried my State by 50,000 votes, and I believe he could not have carried a single, solitary electoral vote south of the Potomac River—not one.

WILD-CAT AND HUMBUGGERY.

Ransom squirmed and twisted and and turned his head. It suggested to him what he might expect from the people in North Carolina, if he defied their protests and voted to repeal the Sherman law. It recalled to him the declaration he made at the Chicago convention when he said that Cleveland's nomination would cost the Democratic party 40,000 votes in North Carolina. For one bewildering second he hesitated between the people and the patronage of the administration. Quick as a flash Vance saw the situation straightening to his full heighth, with provoking sarcasim, he continued:

But it is said that there is no abandonment of the Chicago platform in the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, but only a postponement, and that the bill itself contains a reaffirmation of those promises.

I wonder if in any of our political literature, rich as it is in ingenuity and device, full as it is of eloquence and true genius, overburdened as it is with every inconceivable form of wildcatism and humbuggery which a hundred years of free government, wherein men of all opinions have had a chance to ventilate them, have produced—I wonder, I say, if anything is to be found on all its approaching in absurdity to the incorporating in this bill of a part of the Chicago platform? Was there ever a cat trotting through the tangled thickets of the Alleghenies, or roaming over the barren wilds of the Rocky Mountains, so wild and untamable as this cat? [Laughter.] Was there ever any bug discovered and classified by science with a hum equal to the hum of thise bug?

HOW DEMOCRATIC PLEDGES ARE REDEEMED.

For the first time in 33 years the Democratic party was intrusted with the power of enacting laws. Now, in fulfillment of these promises, the first thing which is to be done is to yield to the clamor of the capitalists hostile to silver, and anticipate the regular session of congress for the sole purpose of stopping the coinage of silver and nothing more.

A DAMNABLE OUTRAGE.

But what about the remainder of the platform? The same bill—almost the same strokes of the same pen could have inserted an additional provision looking in the direction of coining silver on equal terms with gold, maintaining its parity, etc. But instead of that we give the stock brokers and the gamblers and the banks by this bill all they want, and we put off the American people with another promise. We pay the goldbugs cash and pay the people with another paper promise redeemable at the option of the makers.

HOW LONG WILL THE PEOPLE SUBMIT.

How long are we to postpone the people? How long dare we do it? No one says what we are to give them in fulfillment of our pledges after repeal. There is no intimation that anything more is to be given in the message which the President addressed to us; not a whisper. I repeat, if we are in good faith, why not do it now? "Now is the accepted time," and "now is the day of salvation;" "to-day, if you will hear the voice of the people, harden not your hearts"—"here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized"?

WHY NOT THE BANKERS AND STOCKBRORERS WAIT?

Is it to be done hereafter? Who says so with authority to speak? Who says so with authority to give assurance that it can be done at all if postponed. How do we know that when some other bill comes up for the benefit of capital these threadbare and contemptible promises to pay will not pop up again like Jack in a box as a substitute for the performance? If we let go what we have before we get something else in exchange, how shall we justify ourselves to that portion of our constituents who are supposed to have common sense? Why can not the bankers and stock-brokers wait for the repeal of the Sherman law until the remaining legislation which we have promised to enact shall be prepared and ready?

SILENCE ANSWERS NO.

Suppose, sir, that we to take these promises in the bill that at some day the remainder of the platform will be carried out, what assurance have we that a bill to provide for either the free coinage or the limited coinage of silver could become a law? Is there any indication by any vote of the House of Representatives upon the passage of the bill that such a bill would meet its approbation? Is there anything in the message of the President or in all its utterances, or is there any spokesman here authorized to speak for him who can give us assurance that such a bill would meet his approbation? We know that it would not become a law.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY THE SUBSERVENT TOOL OF COMBINED CAPITAL.

The great Democratic party, which I have always supported because I believed it to be not only correct in its theories of government, but devoted to the interests of the common people, the masses of the land—if we pass this bill now unconditionally, that this great party will then cease to be the people's friend and become the subservient tool of combined capital, and will constitute itself in its legislation the lineal and legimate successor of the 33 years of that Republican rule which we have always heretofore denounced as building up the combinations and corporations which have well-nigh absorbed the wealth of our country.

A WARNING TO THE ADMISTRATION.

It was said that the string of the bow of Ulysses warned him of approaching danger by singing a song of battle and of strife. Let me say to the conspirators (Democrats and Republicans) against the welfare of the common people, that before they shall finally succeed in their unhallowed designs, and drive them through "the valley of the shadow of death" to attain the single gold standard, in order that the conspirators may grow rich on human suffering, they will see many a field of political battle and hear the roar of muchpolitical strife,

A VOICE AS IS THE VOICE OF GOD.

In this fair land the thunderbolts of Jove dwell still with those whose voice as the voice of God, and the bow of Ulysses is yet in the people's hands, its quiver is filled with death-dealing darts. Its strings will yet sing many a song of battle to awaken the sleeping people, and upon every plain and in every valley and upon every mountain side, from shore to shore of our inclosing sea, they will spring to their feet at the calling of that music, with a light of conflict on their faces and the resolve of victory in their hearts. In that day it would be better for some of those who have joined in the fight against the money of the poor "that a millstone had been hanged about their necks and they had been cast into the midst of the sea."

FACE TO FACE WITH PEOPLE.

Many a defeated statesman of this great fight, when he looks into the face of those who overthrow him in that strife, will be surpised to behold not the faces of his old political enemies, but those of his own indignant neighbors and heretofore friends, will say to him, "We followed your example; we loved you and believed the best way to serve you was to kill you."

TO YOUR TENTS O ISRAEL!

Surely the fountains of the great deep of humanity are broken up and the hearts of men are stirred within them as they never have been stirred before since the civil war. The great fight is on; the power of money and its allies throughout the world have entered into this conspiracy to perpetrate the "greatest crime of this or any other age," to overthrow one-half of the world's money, and thereby double their own wealth by the enhancing in value of the other half, which is in their hands.

The money changers are polluting the temple of all our liberties. "To your tents, O Israel!

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

TO THE POINT.

BY "HAYSEEDER."

St. Peter will know Georgia's picturesqued dmagogue, John B. Gordon, whenhe meet shim. Vance tagged him the other day the "wild-eyed-long-haired medicine man." It will stick through time and eternity. But wallowing in his own filth Gordon has only obeyed his little boss Hoke Smith. Heavens, what are we coming to?

With half of the circulating medium destroyed, the other half must do double service, with a consequent doubling all along the line. Labor must work twice as hard and live on twice as much less. Interest will be twice as usurious, the goldbugs twice as rich.

The men who did it are bimetalists (?) They were elect on the Chicago platform. They voted for all the ratios to prove their friendship for silver and voted to repeal the Sherman law to prove that they were serfs. Down with such traitors and cowards.

Little Billy Wilson, of West Virginia, was President of the Chicago convention that adopted the Democratic free coinage platform. He is now the subservient tool of the money power and the leader in the House of the administration cohorts. He has deceived the people and betrayed the Democratic party. Heretofore an honest man, in general estimation, he has sunk to the level of the common ward politican. He bows in abject humility and takes off his hat to his master—Grover Cleveland. What is the country coming to anyway?

Who is it that demands the repeal of the Sherman law—the only barrier between the people spoliation?

Perhaps the following letter, addressed to I. H. Foust, Salisbury, will throw some light on the matter. It was written by E. D. Shepard & Co. No. 3 Broad St., New York,

The letter declines the offer of a loan and adds: "The Senators from your country are not looked upon as promoters of the general welfare. If their stand represents the views of your people on financial matters, it will be very difficult for you to secure any accommondation from capitalists in this section until their is a decided change."

To bring it nearer home the goldbug bankers have forced Gen. Bob Vance to the wall and have compelled him to made an assignment, Vance is not only perused and punished by the administration, but the bankers are trying their iron hand on him by punishing his brother—Bob Vance.

These are the people who demanded the repeal of the Sherman law and the consequent demonetization of silver in the interest of "sound finances." Gov. Tilman is right: a little hanging would be a long step in the direction of "restoring confidence."

The newspapers say that Ransom is to make a speech in favor of the "unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. We don't believe a word of it. He may have the gall to sneak around the departments in Washington and stab some unsuspecting man, whom he has promised to help in the back, but he lacks the nerve to stand up in the United States Senate—in the face of the American people—and advocate a measure that will send cotton even lower than 5½ cents per pound. However, this may be a hasty conclusion. Following final death of silver it is arranged for a rise in cotton and wheat. So that "we can not always sometime most generally tell how things will culminate at last."

But in any event it is refreshing news to hear that Ransom is to make a speech in open Senate. Vance with one foot in the grave, has handled "the laboring oar" where North Carolina has been concerned. Only his presence in the Senate rescues the State from oblivion. Ransom is a spectacular success as he poses and struts around the Metropolitan hotel, all will admit, but Vance is the Senator from North Carolina. We sincerely hope that Ransom will make a speech. We are curious to know if he will re-hash his campaign speech. We don't see how he can avoid a speech. Vance put the question to him the other day so pointedly, he must speak or die," "Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die."

It is either a funeral or an oration—or both?

We are indebted to somebody for the brief in the contested case of Williams vs Settle. The ground of William's contest is enough to take one's breath. The allegation is that Democrats were intimidated at the polls. Think of the monumental brass—the stupendous gall—that would suggest such a proposition. One knowledge of Williams methods prepared us for almost anything, but this disclosure completely unmans and unnerves us. Not like a "summers dream" does it overcome us, but with the wild, maddening rush of an infuriated cyclone does it unhorse us. Intimidated! yet it would not be a surpise to know that the Democratic committee on elections took that view of it. Woodard is on that committee and Woodard knows an "intimidated" voter when he sees one around the ballot box. Woodard comes from a district which has an undisputed Republican majority of ten thousand. Why shouldn't Woodard know all about ballot box science, from the Democratic point of view? He was put on the elections Com. at Williams instance, and it is necessary to seat Williams in order to demonstrate that at least one southern state is the victim of Republican intimidation! It makes no difference that elections in this State, under the Democratic election, are a disgraceful farce—that Democratic election methods stink in the nostrils of all honest men—that is a small matter. Williams ought to be seated because the people in his district repudiated him as Judas-faced Democrat. Jump in the band wagon, "Baldy!

Talbert McLaurin, Strait and Latimer shows the kind of backbone in the House that pleases the people and makes them ideal representatives of the brave and plucky little commonwealth of South Carolina. They are doing their duty fearlessly. They mince no words and sail under no false colors. They don't sneak around Democratic leaders and, with bated breath, cringingly ask how they ought to vote on this or that proposition. They were Alliancemen in South Carolina and thay are Alliancemen in Washington. They don't hang their heads, chew their thumbs, but stand on both feet and hit straight from the shoulder. Talbert and McLaurin both made strong and eloquent speeches in the silver debate in the House. They are all quiet, unobtrusive, modest men—but they have vim and fire and courage enough to splice out two or three other Alliance representatives from other southern States and not feel the loss of it. Little wonder that, with such leaders the people of South Carolina triumph over the stud-book Democracy in that State.

There is no disguising the fact that the people of both the old parties feel themselves betrayed and sold out. They are not willing to any longer be objects of dickers, either for coin to Judases or party rewards to hoggish and plotting sneaks. We look to see this outraged feeling among the people utterly wiped out or both the old parties and carry enough States to wrest the control of the Nation from the grip of the Shylocks. The people can and will redeem themselves from thralldom.

BLADEN ITEMS.

Mr. Sam Cromartie left Monday to enter Davidson College.

Miss Annie Cromartie is visiting friends and relatives at White Oak.

Miss Berta Cromartie, youngest daughter of Mr. Luther Cromartie, left Monday for Monroe High School

We are glad to state that Mrs. P. L. Cromartie who suffered a stroke of paralysis Aug. the 30th, is very much improved.

Miss Annie Reeves, of Caldwell Texas, who has been visiting friends and relatives near Garland, went up to Raleigh Monday to enter Peace Institute. Miss Annie is a very pleasant and attractive young lady, and we wish her a pleasant and profitable sojourn in North Carolina.

It seems that the Democratic party, county, State and National, has done and is doing, all in its power to remove every obstacle, so that the People's party will have little trouble in making a sweeping victory at the next election. The frauds committed in the county elections were disgusting; while the action of the Legislature in regard to the Alliance charter was humilliating, and Congress doing the opposite from what was expected, all taken together is driving people out of the Democratic party into the Peoples party, I, myself being one of the number. I think, however, that some of our people will continue to vote the Democratic ticket at all hazards, because they have been so bitter in denouncing the P. P., and now can't well afford to come out and support it in the face of what has been said. A.

[They may have that feeling about the matter now, but let us hope that patriotism will overpower prejudice and come out the victor. ED.]

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A RETIRED BUSINESS W[OMAN]

A Page From Her History

The important experiences of some ... interesting. The following is one ... "I had been troubled with heart ... years, much of that time very seri... five years I was treated by one physi... timuously. I was in business, ... retire on account of my health. ... sician told my friends that I could ... month. My feet and limbs were ... len, and I was indeed in a serious ... when a gentleman friend directed my ... Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and ... sister, who had been afflicted with ... ease, had been cured by the remedy ... again a strong, healthy woman. I ... a bottle of the Heart Cure, and ... an hour after taking the first dose ... feel a decided improvement in the ... of my blood. When I had taken three ... could move my ankles, something I ... done for months, and my limbs had ... len so long that they seemed almost ... Before I had taken one bottle of ... Heart Cure the swelling had all gone ... and I was so much better that I went ... work. On my recommendation six ... taking this valuable remedy." Mrs. ... 569 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, a discovery ... eminent specialist in heart disease, ... all druggists on a positive guarantee ... by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, ... receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles ... $5, express prepaid. It is positively free ... all opiates or dangerous drugs.

Sold by All Druggists. aug.

Richlands High School

43RD SESSION OPENS SEPT. ...

Richlands is a healthy little ... of 200 inhabitants, society ... Sale of intoxicating liquors ... den. Four churches in the ... Board $6.00 to $8.00. Tuition ... to $3.00, according to grade. ... will be taught. For further ... ulars address

T. T. JAMES, A. B., P...
aug. 24—1m—2p.] Richlands

For Sale, 915 A...

I wish to sell my Buckhorn ... 1 1-2 miles from Goldsboro, ... on the South side of Neuse ... It contains 500 acres cleared ... suited for every kind of small ... corn and cotton, fruit and truck ... It contains also 415 acres of ... land with every kind of timber ... cept pine, with first-class range ... any kind of stock raising. ... cleared land requires no ditching ... and only fence enough to ... the wood land from the cleared ... will sell the whole, or in small ... tracts to suit purchasers. Will ... at low prices and on easy terms ... partly on reasonable time. Apply ... to W. T. FAIRCLOTH, ... Goldsboro, N. C.

July 24, '93. [july27-3m

FREE. We will send this solid gold front Scarf Pin or ladies' Bonnet Pin, ... two inches long, Free to every ... person who cuts out this notice ... and sends it to us, stating size ... wanted. Address Lynn & Co., ... 48 Bond Street, New York.

Alliance Farmers' Encampment

The National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, the Largest Organization of Farmers in the World, will hold a Summer Encampment at Mount Gretna, Lancaster and Lebanon Counties, Pa., Saturday, August 19th to 26th.

Lowest railroad rates. Admission by railroad free. Mass meetings daily; the most prominent speakers in America on agricultural topics. Four large assembly halls; seating capacity, over 12,000. Numerous bands and other music. Excellent entertainments day and evening. Hundreds of cottages on the grounds, boarding at lowest prices. OLD-FASHIONED FARMER'S DINNER OR SUPPER, 25c. Grand display of agricultural implements (100,000 square feet of floor forms), also agricultural products. Two hundred dollars for best ... ance exhibit, $100 second best, ... third best. Liberal premiums for best butter, home-made bread, pies, canned fruits and jellies. Competition free to all farmers' sons or daughters. Send for premium list. Immense building displays of the household, for live stock; liberal premiums.

While the park of 5,000 acres is superb, with ample shade, pure water, beautiful lake, complete drainage, and attractions numerous, there will be frequent excursions to other points of interest, including the Cornwall ore hills, Lebanon, Susquehannah river, Capitol of Pennsylvania, and the battle-field of Gettysburg, the round trip to the latter place to be less than $2.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., assisted by a well trained choristers, is expected to conduct the religious services at 3 p. m., Sunday August 20th.

Officers: President, Hon. ... Dore, Fresno, Cal.; vice-presidents, Col. James Young, Middletown, ... Hon M. D. Davie, Beverly, Ky.; ... C. B. Matthews, Buffalo, N. Y., and others. Advisory Board, prominent farmers from nearly every State and Territory. Encampment Committee, National Farmers' Alliance, Maj. Mann Page, Brandon, Va., Hon. I. E. Dean, Honeoye Falls, N. Y., and Henry C. Demming, Postman Harrisburg, Pa., who will be pleased to give any further information desired.

Kinsey Female Seminary

LAGRANGE, N. C.

A Boarding School for GIRLS and YOUNG LADIES.

FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS. Literary, Art and Music Departments. Stenography, Typewriting and Bookkeeping taught in Business Department.

LOCATION HEALTHY. ... State Chemist in examination of water says: I have probably never examined a better sample.

For catalogue giving full particulars write to

JOSEPH KINSEY, Principal.

Diploma granted to young ladies finishing course of study. july13-tf

We suppose the tariff is not ... bing the people much now. ... er hear anything about ...

ED BUSINESS WOMAN.

From Her History.

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The following is no exce
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Druggists. aug. 10-2

nds High School.

ON OPENS SEPT. 4, 189
s is a healthy little village
bitants, society is good
oxicating liquors forbidden
churches in the village
to $8.00. Tuition $1.50
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JAMES, A. B., PRIN.,
n-2p.] Richlands, N. C.

ale, 915 Acres.

sell my Buckhorn Farm
from Goldsboro, N. C.
th side of Neuse river
500 acres cleared land
very kind of small grain
tton, fruit and trucking
also 415 acres of wood
very kind of timber
ith first-class range for
of stock raising. The
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reasonable time. Apply
W. T. FAIRCLOTH,
Goldsboro, N. C.
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E. We will send this elegant
ss. solid gold front, gent's shape
in or ladies' Bonnet Pin, which is
nes long, Free to each subscriber
who cuts out this advertisement
d it to us, stating which letter
Address LYNN & Co.,
8 Bond Street, New York.

armers' Encampment

Farmers' Alliance and I
on, the Largest Organiza
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ncampment at Mount Gi
and Lebanon Counties, Pa.
gust 19th to 26th.

road rates. Admission
free. Mass meetings
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NED FARMER'S BREAK
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Witt Talmage, D.
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THE CAUCASIAN.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SEPT. 14, '93.

WAYNE COUNTY.

WATCH FOR THE BLUE CROSS

A blue cross opposite your name means that your subscription will expire before the end of the month; and if you desire the paper go to you any longer you must send in your renewal by that time. The low price of the paper makes it JUST OUT OF THE QUESTION to send it longer than it is paid for. Be governed accordingly.

The rain for the last few days has raised the water courses and it continues to rain. There is a prospect for a damaging freshet over the low lands of Neuse and Little Rivers.

Several of Goldboro's World Fair visitors have returned. It is amusing to hear some of them tell of the sights they saw while there. The general verdict is that it is a huge affair.

A little new cotton is coming to market, it is selling for about 7 to 7½ cents. This is cotton picked out before the rains set in and is clean and nice. What is now open in the fields if the rains continue many days will not be worth picking out.

Our readers will observe by the advertisement of Messrs. Daniels & Pipkin that their hour of leaving Goldsboro on the 27th for Richmond has been changed from 8 o'clock to 7 o'clock. Bear this in mind and get in one hour sooner than was first advertised or you may get left, and that would be a calamity if you ever intend visiting Richmond. This is your opportunity.

Brother Jno. D. Mears county Lecturer for Wilson county, will address the Alliance and public generally at the following time and places:

Stantonsburg September 16th at 1 o'clock p. m.

Sim's Mill September 16th at 7½ o'clock p. m.

New Hope Alliance September 23rd at 2 o'clock p. m.

Black Creek September 30th at 3 o'clock p. m.

There will be a grand Alliance rally at Pikeville in this county on the 21st inst., at which time Marion Butler, Dr. Cy Thompson and other good speakers will address the people on the duty of the hour. Adjoining counties are cordially invited to unite with us in makeing this a grand gathering of the friends of reform. The public are invited. Remember everybody will expect something to eat, therefore all are expected to bring well filled baskets.

Judge Shuford in his charge to the Grand Jury, in touching upon the law against the adulteration of food and drink said: That you must not adulterate your whiskey, not even by adding water. The Judge is an up country man and has been used to good water, no doubt, but he evidently has a poor opinion of the quality of our Goldsboro water. We know that Goldsboro can not boast of the best water, but we have never been afraid of any serious effect of taking a little of it mixed with some of the Judge's native up country mountain dew—but however the Judge says you must not mix it so gentlman you will have to take it straight.

Tom Kornegay, col., who was a former slave of Gibson Peterson died in this county in February last. His son says according to the best calculations he can make his father was about 104 years of age, but we think Sam is a little incorrect. Mr. C. F. R. Kornegay, whose father and uncle and Tom were play boys together calculates his age to be 95 years. He was the father of 18 children by three wives, his last wife was about 25 when he married her some 45 years ago. The old man professed to have had a vision in life and was permitted to take a view of heaven and shake hands with some of his departed kin. He died in the full hope that the latch string of heaven hung on the outside to him.

Musing of the man that tried to sell two bales of cotton in the Goldsboro market a few days ago and could not do it because there was no money to buy it with.

They told me to hurrah for Cleveland
That cotton would be sure to get;
That money would be plentiful;
And I believed it all YOU BET.

I seeded down a two horse crop
I worked it like a man,
It is ready now for market;
And I'll sell it if I can.

I had the children to pick it out
I hauled it to the gin,
And with it hurried off to town;
Because I needed TIN.

I found the buyers very blue
No offer would they make,
There was no MONEY to pay for it;
And CONFIDENCE I would not take,

I guess I'll have to haul it back
And it makes me sad indeed,
It's no use trying to raise the stuff,
Unless I can eat the seed.

Don't despair my friend, you can eat the seed—see Cottoline advertisement in this issue.

NOTICE

To the American People.

The Democratic party under the leadership of Grover Cleveland has surrendered to John Sherman and his allies. (tf.)

There was a runaway on John St. yesterday of a pair of mules hitched to a wagon. They went up the street at break neck speed with no driver and it was fearful to behold. They did no damage, fortunately, but it was providential that they did not. There happened to be scarcely any one on the street at the time. We do not know how they became frightened and why their driver was not with them. Drivers should be careful how they leave their teems without some one with them or being hitched it is dangerous.

A Juvenile correspondent signing her name Sarah Carter accounts for how the ticks got on the fly by supposing them to have crawled on it when it was pitched on some bough. This is about true, no doubt, but what a house fly should be doing out in the ticky woods, pitching on boughs, when his place is in the house bothering you or the baby, or getting drowned in your cup of milk is what bothers us. Her brother Johnnie says he found one with several red bugs on it—guess he had been fooling around the woods too.

Superior Court is in session this week, his Honor Geo. A. Shuford on the bench. We listened to his charge to the Grand Jury and it was full and explicit and we were impressed with the idea that he is determined that no blame shall be attached to him if the court does not despatch business. He give notice that he should commence at 9½ o'clock and end at 6, with an hour and a half out for rations. The following are the Grand Jurors: B. F. Aycock, Foreman; A. B Freeman, W. J. Herring, W. B. Vail, J. P. Yelverton, Lemon Exum, G. W. Britt, J. C. Ferrell, John H. Flowers, Juluis Morgan, O. L. Yelverton, M. W. Moye, J. A. Thomas, R. Crawford, R. A. Jennett, Robert Williams, Mathew Tindal, Thos. Hood.

There are 47 cases on the criminal docket and 80 on the civil.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

A certain man in Goldsboro, who has heretofore been a Republican, and who for the hope, (and probably the promise) of a position under the administration, has turned over to the goldbugs, we are informed, approached a colored Republican a few days ago and asked him why the Republicans did not organize, and asked if they were going to let the Populists have it all their way. He said they should organize and nominate a certain colored man (naming him) for congress, that he was for this man. Now the Republicans can organize, it's their right to do so if they like; we are not advising them to organize, or not to organize; that's their business; but why should this man, who now professes to be a dyed in the wool Democrat, be busying himself about the Republicans affairs, trying to make a cats paw of the party to defeat the Populist and perpetuate the Democratic party? We say the Republicans can do as they please, its their right, but we hardly think that this man's advice will have much weight with them. They did not have much confidence in him when he professed to be one of them, and less now since he has sold out to the Democrats.

EXCURSION TO RICHMOND.

The undersigned will run an Excursion from Goldsboro to Richmond, Va., on Wednesday the 27th inst., leaving Goldsboro at 7 o'clock in the morning and returning on the 28th, leaving Richmond at 5 o'clock in the evening and arriving at Goldsboro about 10 o'clock. The fare for the round trip has been placed at the low price of $2.75 to enable all to go. This will be the last excursion of the season, and everybody should avail themselves of this opportunity of visiting the Historic City of Richmond, while they can do so at such low rates. It will give merchants an opportunity to combine business with pleasure, as they can purchase their fall goods while there. An opportunity will be given to visit the many battle fields around the city. The old soldier can again see where he fought, bled and died for his country. Special rates for board will be made with the Hotels and boarding Houses. Don't miss this opportunity. Respectfully,

A. N. DANIELS,
R. E. PIPKIN.

Sept. 7-2t.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING.

BRO. BUTLER.—Please announce in THE CAUCASIAN that Bro. J. M. Mewborn, President of the State Alliance, will address the Alliance Union at Ormondsville Sept. 15th. Everybody is invited to come out on that day and bring their baskets well filled.

A. T. GRIMSLEY, Pres.
A. E. DENTON, Sec'y.

"WORSE THAN FOOLISHNESS,"

When silver was demonetized by the Republicans in 1873, the white metal was worth $1.32 an ounce. Cotton brought 20 cents per pound in Atlanta and wheat $1.50 per bushel. To-day—1893—silver is worth 73 cents an ounce, cotton 7 cents a pound, and wheat 64 cents a bushel. And then talk about a single gold standard and the demonetization of silver! Bosh. Worse than foolishness.—Fayetteville Gazette. (tf.)

CITY AND COUNTRY BOYS.

Why It Is That the Country Boy Is Apt to Learn More Evil Than a City Boy.

A distinguished man, whose boyhood was passed partly in the country and partly in the city, recently testified that he found his boy companions in the country much worse than those in the city.

"It is our habit to think of the country," he said, "as the abode of innocence and purity, and of the city as the haunt of vice, but at this remove of time I cannot recall hearing a single bad word from my schoolmates in the large institution which I attended in Boston. I feel sure that some must have been uttered, for there were several hundred boys in the building, but I cannot remember hearing any.

"My experience with the boys in the country is, however, in my memory very different. There were two or three dreadful boys there who corrupted the whole school. They were foul mouthed and full of iniquity."

A family of boys who spend their summers in the country and their winters in the city have frequently remarked the same thing. They find good boys in both places, but more badness in proportion in the country, and, as they themselves express it, "their badness is worse." "Somehow," remarked one of them naively, "the city boys are more polite about it, and maybe it's only that that makes them seem not quite so bad." Nearly all who possess an intimate acquaintance with both city and country will testify to the general truth of these conclusions.

The reasons are not far to seek. In the city schools the youth are more carefully graded than in the country, not only in the direction of mind, but of morals. A normal and well brought up boy has a much wider choice as to his playmates in the one than in the other, and such a boy will usually select his friends among the better boys. In the country he is thrown necessarily with children with whom his parents would much rather he should not associate. The democracy of the village is absolute, however, and any attempt to establish an aristocracy, even of virtue, is deeply resented by the parents of the objectionable youth. Such parents usually consider their children as good as the rest.

In the city he has comparatively little opportunity to put in corrupting work among good boys. The bad boys herd by themselves and often become formidable gangs, the terror of peaceful citizens and even of the police. In the country the bad boy has only a few companions as bent on sin as himself, but he has free access to well brought up children, often influencing them to deeds of evil which they remember with shame as long as they live.

There seems a suggestion here for those who live in the country or who pass more or less time there each year, who love it and cannot bear to think of the plague spots upon it, to put in some missionary work among the country bad boys. A month's effort, unobtrusively and spontaneously given, among doubtful boys in a country place may raise the tone of a whole neighborhood for years afterward. To show such boys that you respect the good in them, to praise them for whatever they excel in, to show an interest in their worthy pursuits, to take them, in short, at their best—this work might be more farreaching in its good effects than the getting up of a bazaar or the giving of a strawberry festival.—New York Times.

A Lawyer's Opinion of Rogues.

In the older portions of Virginia it is the custom now, as it was some years ago, for the judges to travel over their circuits and hold court. With the judges went the lawyers. In a certain district I have in mind the Nestor of the bar was a precise gentleman of the old school, who wore ruffled shirt fronts and cuffs and prided himself on his invariable attendance upon divine service at the town in which court was being held. He insisted on a similar attendance on the part of the other lawyers and made it his business to see that they went with him in a body.

One Sunday morning they found themselves at a town with no church except one belonging to the Methodists, and although this Nestor was an Episcopalian he notified the younger attorneys that they would be expected to go to church as usual. They were late in getting ready, and when the dignified old lawyer appeared in church and marched up the middle aisle, followed by all the lawyers in the district, the minister was well in his sermon. He stopped in his discourse, however, gazed at the leader of the file a second, and then said:

"My friend, if you had not stopped to prink and to arrange those ruffles so carefully you could have got to church in time. As it is, you come at this late hour and disturb the worshipers by your entrance. I give you warning now," the preacher added solemnly, raising his finger to make the words more impressive, "that at the judgment day I shall appear to testify against you."

The old lawyer had stopped when the minister began to address him and stood waiting in the aisle. When the preacher was through, the lawyer said:

"Sir, I have been practicing at the bar for 40 years, and that much experience has shown me that the greatest rogue always turns state's evidence."—New York Sun.

Getting a Comfortable Income.

The charitably disposed women who interest themselves in church missionary work encounter a great variety of pretexts and tricks resorted to by improvident, lazy and vicious persons for obtaining money, clothing and food for nothing. A branch of the King's Daughters connected with an up town church on the west side unearthed a case of imposition that was peculiarly exasperating. For several weeks relief had been bestowed upon a woman with three small children. The woman claimed to be a widow and urged as the chief reason for being dependent upon charity that she could not go out to work because she could not leave her babies. One Sunday afternoon early last fall she appeared in a certain Episcopal church with her three children, and after telling a very pitiful story asked that the little ones be baptized.

A kind hearted clergyman performed the ceremony, and after visiting the woman's miserable apartments concluded that she and her family were proper subjects for church aid. They were helped liberally until about two weeks ago, when an accidental circumstance disclosed that the same woman had taken the same children to a Roman Catholic church to be baptized last September and had taken them to a Baptist church for the same purpose in October. She was on the "deserving poor" list of three churches and was getting along so well that she derived a nice little income from the sale of articles of clothing and groceries to her poorer neighbors.—New York Times.

A New York Boy's Remark.

While the papers were filled with stuff about the Spanish princess, chronicling her minutest movements and her most insignificant doings, the warships in the North river commenced to fire a salute.

"What's that for?" asked one boy of another.

"Oh," replied the other, "that's because the infantile is blowing her nose."—New York News.

ONLY AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

How a Good Hearted Girl Saved a Painter When He Was Starving.

Before a man's work is established in value among the picture buyers he has very often great hardships. There are tragedies in the studios that seldom get into the newspapers. One of our best known and most prosperous portrait painters lived for months on the meagerest fare when he came home from Paris, too proud to let his friends know his straitened circumstances and too little of a business man to dispose of his sketches.

What little money he had was spent in hiring a model. Had it not been for the quick wit and kind heartedness of that young woman her employer would probably have starved. One morning she came hurriedly into the squalid studio, crying:

"I have sold it! I have sold it!"

"Sold what?" asked the young painter, looking wearily up from his canvas.

"That sketch you made of me last week," continued the model breathlessly. "An old friend of mine met me in the street just now and said he would give $50 for a picture of me, and I closed the bargain with him at once. Here is the money. Now I will bundle up the sketch and take it to him at once."

Before the astonished artist could utter a protest she had disappeared with the canvas. A few minutes later the model returned, and declaring that as she got the money she should have the partial spending of it seized a $5 bill and rushed to the nearest restaurant, where she bought a luxurious breakfast and had it sent to the studio.

The painter and his friend had a merry meal together. It was his first stroke of good luck since he came back from Paris, and it put such fresh ambition into his brushes that he presently obtained several commissions for pictures and became comparatively prosperous.

In the exultation of his success he quite forgot the poor girl who sold his first picture. One night as he was going to a fashionable reception a grimy newsboy came to his studio and whispered hoarsely:

"Say, mister, she's a-dyin."

"Who's dying?" asked the painter.

"Why," continued the youngster, "her as used to stand fur her picter. She's a-dyin, I tells yer, an she keeps a-ravin an a-ravin about yer name thet I thought as how I'd come an tell ye. An I foun out where ye lived, an I com'. If ye doano w'ere Cherry street is, I'll show ye, if ye wants to see her afore she croaks."

Piloted by the newsboy, the artist made his way to the attic of a tenement in one of the poorest quarters of the city. On a mattress stretched on the floor the model lay, delirious, in the final stage of consumption.

Sending the newsboy hurriedly for a physician, the artist knelt by the girl's side and tried to recall her wandering senses. But the dying woman looked at him blankly and turned away, moaning some confused thought about saving somebody's life.

"He was so good and kind, and I loved him so until the grand ladies took him away from me," she whispered. "Maybe he has forgotten me, maybe he has forgotten. But I have got it still, and when I get well and can make some money I mean to get it framed."

A few minutes later the poor creature threw back her head and was still. As the painter drew an end of the ragged coverlet over her face he gave a cry of agony. The glazed eyes of the dead woman were staring at a canvas hung on the wall. It was the sketch she had bought from him out of her meager earnings when he was on the verge of starvation.—New York Cor. Boston Globe.

Waiting For the Millennium.

March 5 is past and gone. The sun rose, set and rose again. The earth turned round after its usual fashion. Its hundreds of millions of inhabitants got up, went about their business and lay down again to sleep. Only in the Memorial hall in Farringdon street of the city of London was any watch kept upon the fleeting hours or any note made of the fateful steps of time.

Out of all the swarming millions that crawl upon this earth only some 50 men and 300 women cared to mark the fact that another year had come and gone; that 1,893 years were now passed, and only three more years remained in which to prepare for the coming millennium. The Memorial hall, we learn, had been suitably decorated for the occasion with huge cartoons representing the "Dream of Nebuchadnezzar," the "Dream of Daniel," and the "Pale Horse of Pestilence," and there beneath these pleasant emblems of prophecy sat the faithful few, while the latter day prophets expounded to them the dread meaning of the Apocalypse.

Only three more years! On March 5, 1896, the end of this world, the resurrection of saints, and the ascension of 144,000 living Christians will take place, and the 350 watchful Christians of Farringdon street will meet with the reward of their pious vigilance.—London Spectator.

Mother of Pearl In Again.

"Mother o' pearl always reminds me of old times," said Daniel Simpson, "and I am real glad to see it coming into fashion again. I remember my father had a dagger with a mother o' pearl handle that Macready, the actor, gave him for a keepsake. "It wasn't a dagger either, but a genuine bowie knife that Macready got from some southern admirer. It was among the things of youth in my home that I remember most distinctly. Many a time I sneaked it into the cellar, where we boys had a little theater, to play tragedy with it. Everything in those days before the war was mother o' pearl. Mother o' pearl brooches were worn by the women, and they carried mother o' pearl pocketbooks. Relatives that visited Niagara falls brought back some trinkets made of it, together with the strings of shells that the Indians used to sell them. Umbrella handles, knife handles, etc., are in the mother o' pearl again, and so far as this freak of fashion is concerned we are landed back again in our grandmothers' days."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Before Chairs Were Invented.

Before stools, chairs or seats of some kind came into use men passed their lives in three postures—standing, lying or squatted on the ground like the noble red man. The last attitude is common to many carnivorous animals, such as the lion, wolf, dog and some others, and was natural and inevitable. When the cave man was not squatted with his family about the fire, he was lying on the skins of animals he had killed or on a pile of brush and leaves in one corner. It required no great genius of invention to discover the first raised seats.

The primitive hunter or herdsman, having accordingly seated himself on a bowlder, a log or a block of wood, would naturally transfer one of these objects to his domicile if he thought it would add to his domestic comfort or his dignity. As a hard seat without a back offers but an uneasy support to the person, it is not surprising that the reclining or squatting posture has always been preferred by savages, and that the Arabs and oriental nations in general cling to their carpets and cushions without any desire to change.—Exchange.

Rest and Warmth.

It is beyond question that the household remedies of our grandmothers' time, however ridiculous they may appear in the light of medical science today, had an influence for good in the treatment of disease. Certainly it will be a long time before the family drug closet becomes altogether a thing of the past. Its chief value has been not in its furnishing a cure for every ill, but that in cases of emergency it could relieve the pain and discomfort of the moment.

It is doubtful if there was any specific action in the decoctions of "henbane" or "poke root" or the "sage teas" with which we have all been so familiar, nor was there much value in the thick plasters of molasses and saleratus spread on our burned fingers.

The relief they gave was attributed to the remedies themselves. In truth, it was due to an underlying principle which was, and always will be, of no small importance in the treatment of disease. Unfortunately this was not understood, and these simple remedies began rapidly to usurp the place of specifics.

But whatever else we may say of it the old fashioned treatment had reason on its side.

When the tired young girl, who perhaps had just come in from a long drive or walk in the wet, was given a hot "tea" and sent to bed with a warm soapstone at her feet, she was placed in exactly the conditions necessary to prevent a serious outcome of her exposure. Tired nature was granted rest and warmth and could safely be left to ward off the threatened fever.

And when molasses and saleratus were spread on a burn the relief was due to the same underlying principle. To be sure, there was the slight soothing action of the alkali, but the chief value of the treatment lay in the fact that over the wound a coating was formed, impervious to air and the irritating substances it might contain.—Youth's Companion.

True Hospitality.

"To entertain has become such a burden," sighed an overtired woman in my hearing not long since, and immediately before my mind's eye unrolled the panorama of modern hospitality. Elegance, to be sure! But what has become of the genuine welcome that, sending a radiant beam from eye to eye, lighted the glow of happiness in meeting souls? Sacrificed to ceremony and display, and exhausted women are taking to boarding to do away with the necessity of receiving friends beneath their roof, just because they feel they cannot afford in money or strength to entertain.

If Mrs. A. chances to have a more beautiful home than Mrs. B., it appears to Mrs. B. impossible that her friend Mrs. A. could accept her simpler environments without criticisms or discomfort, and so Mrs. A. is not invited to spend the day or week with one who is mentally an inspiration to her and whose simple home would seem a paradise to the woman weary with the care of superfluous things that Mrs. B. stands in such awe of. What might have been a cordial, helpful friendship becomes mere formal acquaintance, and life goes on unsunned by the sympathy and love that would have crowned a close companionship.

True hospitality is a joy, not a burden. It is sincerely proffered; it is simply received. The guests feel the welcome in every kindly glance and kindred thought and accept with like grace. And true hospitality entails no obligation; it carries no debit and credit accounts; it is a joy to give or to receive.—Housekeeper.

A Story Told by a Drummer.

In New York city one day last summer a poor man was sitting in the shade of a building playing a hand organ. He was terribly mutilated, and as his clothing was of the army blue it was an accepted fact that he had received his injuries in the war. Both arms had been taken off at the elbows, and both legs had been lost at the knees. He was turning the crank of the organ with an iron hook, which he attached to the stump of his right arm. He was playing a sad old army hymn on the organ, and the people occasionally dropped coins into the small basket which was placed on the top of the organ.

Up the street came a tall, military looking man with his left coat sleeve empty. He looked at the man with the organ for a moment and then dropped a $2 bill into the receptacle for the money. Before the organ player could give a word of thanks the donor disappeared in the crowd. In the course of a few minutes, however, he returned and dropped another bill of the same denomination on the top of the organ after a critical survey of the unfortunate man.

"I am sure you must have been a soldier, too," said the poor man.

"I was," replied the other, with an intonation of satisfaction in his voice.

"It was a glory to fight under the old flag," said the man with the organ.

"I was on the other side," was the reply.

"Then why are you so kind to a man who fought against you?"

"Because you are the first d——d Yankee I ever saw who was trimmed right," and he was at once lost in the crowd.—St. Paul Globe.

Migrating Norwegian Rats.

Norwegian lemming rats still observe an ancestral custom by migrating south in a strict bee line, fighting and gnawing their way through all obstacles. They travel in armies of many hundreds of thousands and have regular vanguards to charge every living impediment. Foxes, and even wolves, might yield to a charge of that kind, for the jealous little rodents make up in numbers and activity what they lack in strength, but their tactics miss their purpose in their application to a still greater matter of co-operation, and hundreds of farmers join in a campaign of extermination as soon as their scouts report the advance of the lemming horde.

Equipped with untanned boots and double jackets they are ratproof and use iron ringed clubs that knock down whole squads of the squeaking invaders at each blow, but the sight of their dying leaders entirely fails to daunt the pluck of the rear ranks. On they come with a blind disregard of the consequences, and in the fury of combat cling by scores to the impenetrable boots of their slayers and sometimes to the very clubs, allowing themselves to be swung clear of the ground and down again with crushing effect.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Excited Clergyman.

An amusing incident happened at the White House not many weeks ago. A clergyman was presented to Mr. Cleveland, and as the president extended his hand the reverend gentleman blushed slightly, and leaning forward whispered to the president, "Ah—what name, please?"

It was doubtless nervousness attendant upon personal contact with a man holding so high an official position that drove the name out of the unhappy clergyman's mind.—Harper's Young People.

Bearded women have existed at all periods of the world's history. Even Herodotus, the "Father of History," gives us an account of one Pedasnes, "who lived above Halicarnassus, a priestess of Minerva, whose chin regularly budded with a large beard whenever any public calamity impended."

SHEEP RAISING IN THE NORTHWEST.

An Industry Which Promises a Solution of an Important Problem.

One of the pronounced recent departures in the agricultural industry of the northwest is a change from exclusive grain growing to a mixed industry in which live stock and dairying are prominent features. In Minnesota special attention thus far has been given to horses, cattle and hogs, but in Montana and the Dakotas sheep are arousing the most notable interest.

In Montana the sheep flocks have multiplied tenfold in 10 years and in 1892 numbered over 2,800,000 animals. The sheep industry of Montana represents a capital of $20,000,000 and brings in a revenue of nearly $2,500,000 from wool alone. Montana wool has in a brief period attained a national reputation.

North Dakota is a recent convert to the sheep industry, but already has more sheep than all other domestic animals combined, and the industry is rapidly growing in popular favor as in profitableness. The Tribune is informed by North Dakota farmers that sheep bid fair to be the solution of the crop problem in paving the way to diversification of products. Experienced authorities insist that there is more money in North Dakota sheep than in grain, and that sheep raising is likely to be the great industry of that state before many years.

With only a few seasons' start the sheep industry of North Dakota has grown to embrace a capital of over $5,000,000 and a flock of 600,000. The average cost of keeping is estimated at $1 per head for the state and the average fleece about eight pounds. Consequently the wool alone more than pays the cost of maintaining the flock, leaving the natural yearly increase in flock a net profit. Abundant cheap lands, the low cost of hay, grain and pasturage and the healthfulness of the climate make the Dakotas a natural sheep region. The new industry is a solution of the single crop problem.

In Minnesota the sheep industry has not yet attained the prominence given to several other branches of stock raising. Indeed the state has more dogs than sheep. Yet the government report for 1891 credits the state with 400,000 sheep and an average wool clip of seven pounds per sheep. The principal aim of sheep raising in this state is mutton. The government "Special Report on the Sheep Industry," 1892, states, in the chapter on Minnesota, "Sheep now pay the farmer better than any other class of stock, and in the prairie country those who are now engaged in raising a few sheep find it the most profitable branch of mixed industry."

The average annual increase in flock is placed at 95 per cent, and the average cost of keeping at $1 or less per head. The government department enumerates numerous advantages—exceptionally favorable climate, the best of feed and water, freedom from disease and a first class local market—which Minnesota possesses over all eastern states. Sheep brought to this state from Ohio and other eastern sheep regions show a marked gain in weight of fleece and carcass. The government department entertains enthusiastic sentiments regarding the future of Minnesota's sheep industry.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Largest Cheese In the World.

"The Canadian mite," the largest cheese ever made in the world, has arrived at the exposition grounds and is in place. It forms part of the Canadian dairy pyramid in Agricultural building. The mammoth cheese was made under the direction of Professor Robertson, the Dominion dairy commissioner, at one of the government dairy stations in Ontario. Two hundred and seven thousand two hundred pounds of milk were used in making it. That is equal to the milk for one day in September, when the cheese was made, of 10,000 cows. The cheese itself weighs 22,000 pounds and measures 28 feet in circumference by 6 feet in height.

The mammoth cheese stands on a brobdingnagian truck, which has been built out of a Canadian oak for transporting it through Great Britain after it leaves Chicago. The case of the cheese was beautifully painted when it started on its journey, but by the time it reached the fair grounds it bore 10,000 autographs. There was not a spot on the 28 by 6 feet surface two inches square which did not carry some name or names. The boys and girls fairly besieged it at the railway stations, and despite all protests inscribed their names on its surface.—Chicago Herald.

The Administration and "Society."

The gossips of the capital who like an administration for the pleasure there is in it for them have doubtless been wondering why social considerations have been so much ignored. Why are there to be no big cabinet banquets? Well, perhaps there are, but it must be confessed that on the surface there is no sign of one. Nevertheless fashion must not frown on Mr. Cleveland as if he were its enemy. It should recall the first cabinet and remember with deep gratitude the gracious and abundant hospitality of the Bayards, the Endicotts, the Whitneys and the Fairchilds. Mr. Cleveland is not unwilling that his cabinet should give feasts and dances, but he chooses his associates for their capacity for carrying on the business of the administration.

Society will flourish whether or not the cabinet helps along the enjoyment, but there is no reason under our constitution and with our republican views why poor men should be debarred from the cabinet or why the country should not enjoy the services of an able man whose polite education had been unfortunately neglected. The graces of life are good, and Washington will have them notwithstanding the cabinet, but it is not essential to the transaction of the public business that the secretary of state should be able to furnish sumptuous entertainments for the idlers of the capital, or that he should add to his diplomacy a nice taste for terrapin and burgundy.—Harper's Weekly.

Wanted—A Nourishing Stimulant.

What the nation needs is an inexpensive food that will stimulate as well as nourish. All men crave stimulants in some form, and an article of food that will nourish and stimulate at the same time will do more toward lessening drunkenness than all the laws and lectures that can be devised. It must, however, not be an expensive food, but one within the reach of all. It must also be a pure food, suitable for man, woman and child. If whisky can be distilled from corn—and that is what is being done—it does seem as if this same corn, for instance, might be prepared for food and retain its stimulating qualities and still be harmless. So with other grains.

On the score of economy such food would be sought after, and if palatable and nourishing it would meet the craving demands of the masses. To meet the demands of temperance its consumption must stop short of intoxication and stimulate only to a harmless extent, no matter what the amount consumed be. Many kinds of food now in use stimulate to a limited extent, but none meets the demand. They say that "where there is a will there is a way." The will is here; now let some one blaze the way. There is a millionaire opening here for some man.—Dallas News.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Times Change.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN.—A quick trip through Bladen county develops the fact that the mass of the people have become thoroughly awakened to the falsity and deep dyed hypocracy of so-called Democratic promises of reform; not only that, but the sincerity and honesty evinced by the People's party—a hearty desire to benefit the whole people—has and is working a tremendous revolution in public sentiment, to the building up of the party of right and justice, and the demolition of the Democratic and Republican Babylon. So the good work goes on throughout towns, cities, counties and states. The political scales so nicely passed, have at last gone down for the party of reform, which means simply success in '94 and '96. All honor to those who have so manfully fought for the right. Continue your ventilation of democratic rottenness, hoping and praying that the poor and oppressed may soon again see the bright, life-giving rays of the sun of prosperity shining over, and blessing our much oppressed land. Success long and loud to THE CAUCASIAN.

Faithfully, J.
Tar Heel, N. C.

Democrats! They Fail to Materialize—Since Election. Appeal to Populists for Assistance on Democratic Certification.

FRIDAY, August 25th, 1893.—I was accosted upon the streets of Goldsboro and requested to read a paper, by a colored man, that he held out to me, remarking, "I want all white men to read it, whether it benefits me any or not." When I had examined it I found it to be a certificate signed by I. F. Dortch, the chairman of the Wayne County Democratic Executive Committee, certifying that Maurice Miller had voted the full Democratic ticket in the last election, that he was afflicted and needed help. There were no contributions signed to Miller's paper.

Democracy is being trumped, the Populists hold the wining cards. Lead on ye unterrified Democrats, we will be there.

ABBOTT L. SWINSON,
Chairman of the Wayne county People's Party Executive Committee.

MR. EDITOR.—Not having seen anything in your valuable paper from Chinquepin, I have concluded to write you, and inform you that the Populists are gaining strength since the wipe out of silver. The inquiry is now, what has become of the would-be tariff reform orator that made us such a speech before the election. He had brought out from my friends store goods to show the people what great reductions would be made if the party was elected. They were elected and we have waited patiently, and we have neither heard from reform nor our tariff reformer, and our people are much in need of the reduction. Tell the young orator that the reduction has been so long coming that the goods lying over are getting badly moth eaten. Silver has now got the yellow fever and we are afraid our friend has the same disease. Does he still talk reform, or has he gone back to his old trade, welcoming guests to the hotel? VOTER.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING!

Bro. Cyrus Thompson, State Lecturer, of North Carolina Farmers' Alliance, will address the Brethren and the public generally, at the following places:

Pantego, Beaufort co.,	Sept. 12.
Elm Grove, Chowan co.,	Sept. 13.
Nixon's Grove, Perquimans co.,	Sept. 14.
Corinth Church, Pasquotank co.,	Sept. 15.
Pleasant Grove Church, Northampton co.,	Sept. 18.
Halifax co., Aurelian Springs,	Sept. 19.
Warrenton, Warren co.,	Sept. 20.

BUMCOMB COUNTY.

Oak Grove,	Sept. 23.
Sand Hill,	Sept. 25.
Mt. Carmel,	Sept. 26.

Speaking at 11 a. m. at all the above places except Elm Grove, Chowan county, which is at 2 p. m.

Other appointments will follow.

Brother Thompson represents the Business Agency and carries samples of Shoes, Cloths, &c., to show you, and will explain the benefits to be derived by patronizing the Agency.

Let every one turn out and hear the distinguished Lecturer. It will pay you whether an Allianceman or not.

Yours fraternally,
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.,
North Carolina Farmers' State Alliance.

"John Sherman a patriot."
—New York World.

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ALLIANCE SPEAKING.

Bro. J. T. B. Hoover will address the brethern at the following places on the days named in behalf of the Business Ageney of the State Alliance:

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY.

Lenox Castle,	Sept. 12.
Wentworth,	Sept. 13.
Stoneville,	Sept. 14.

STOKES COUNTY.

Dilliard,	Sept. 15.
Peelers Creek Baptist Church,	Sept. 16.
Westfield,	Sept. 18.

MADISON COUNTY.

Laurel Fork (near Marshall,	September 21.
Bull Creek Church,	Sept. 22.
Mars Hill,	Sept. 23.
——— ———,	Sept. 25.

MITCHELL COUNTY.

CHAPTER VI.

At the moment when recall became impossible, Mrs. John admitted to herself that she had done a very rash thing in precipitating Ninette upon the Fairbanks in this sudden fashion.

How was she to get the child back?

It was one thing to tell old Cato that she would send the child's nurse after her, and quite another thing to induce the fastidious Celeste to trudge the one dusty mile of country road that lay between the two plantations.

If the road had been lined with gay shops, now, it would have been altogether different. She almost hated this French woman, who was so essential to Ninette, for the amount of abject diplomacy required for her management.

"For Ninette's sake," was the formula which Nora applied to more rasping things than the bonne. She approached the intractable Celeste smoothly and graciously:

"Celeste, you ought to be out in the sunshine. The day is perfect. Those ruffles can wait."

The bonne's yellow fingers were busy with the crimping-iron. She looked up surprisedly.

"Why should I care to go out in this savage country? There is nothing, madame, to see, but the wild beasts of the field and dismal cotton-fields. They make one sicker than ever with the homesickness."

Mrs. John laughed indulgently:

"Wild beasts? Do you call Mrs. Lorimer's shorthorns and the horses wild beasts? Seriously, Celeste, you will have to face them. I want you to go after Ninette."

"Go after the child? What has madame done with her?"

"I let her take a short ride with the old man who carries the flowers to market."

Celeste raised horrified hands: "The black savage!"

"Black, but much less of a savage than some of us who have lily-white hands. He was on his way home, and Ninette begged so."

"She always begs so. Where was he to leave the child?—bah!—for all the world like an express package."

"He was to take her over to Glenburnie, and you were to go for her. A lovely short one-mile walk through the most beautiful grove you ever saw, Celeste."

"I abhor groves. Groves are only meant for savages to live in. Glenburnie! Glenburnie!" She repeated the name musingly. "That is where the old man lives who never comes down his own stairway, but permits his beautiful young lady daughter to sacrifice herself to him. M. Fairbanks. Bah, quelle brute!"

"You have gathered information rapidly," said Nora, coldly. "Yes, it is there that Ninette is waiting for you."

"And madame, then, will permit the child to visit at the house of an enemy?"

"Madame" looked at the speaker sharply. How many more family secrets was this demure-looking cat already in possession of?

"Whose enemy? What nonsense you are talking, Celeste!"

"Is it nonsense, madame? Do not the Lorimers and the Fairbanks hate each other? And does not every black man and black woman on both places know it? A woman, some say, is at the bottom of the trouble. I will fetch the child home, but I will not dare come back by the public road, nor enter the front door of White Cliffs and say: 'I have just brought the child from Glenburnie.'"

"Celeste, you are insufferable."

But, boldly as she uttered the rebuke, conscience convicted Mrs. John of shar-

CELESTE RAISED HORRIFIED HANDS: "THE BLACK SAVAGE!"

ing the woman's feelings. No more words passed on the subject. Celeste prepared for her walk with sulky activity. Nora watched her furtively. She was sorry she had aroused the woman's quick temper. Ninette, "poor little angel," might suffer vicariously.

"And to think," she said aloud, as Celeste left the room, closing the door after her with significance force, "that I have, to-day, taken only the initial step!"

She walked to a side window to see if Celeste had taken the right "turn" after getting into the road. She stood there idly staring out at the monotonous landscape long after the woman had passed entirely beyond her range of vision.

She did not care to join the family group downstairs. It was such an unusual thing to see her without Ninette that it might lead to inconvenient questions. As she stood there, her husband came into view from the side-porch, and passed down the walk towards the small gate which Celeste had just gone through.

He had on his corduroy hunting-suit. His gun was slung across his shoulder, and three dogs trotted close upon his heels. His back was necessarily turned towards her. She wafted a kiss towards him from the tips of her smooth white fingers, then laughed softly at her own folly:

"Poor John! Poor old simple confiding John! He melts me to pity. I am so sorry for him."

Why she should have selected that particular moment for so expressing herself was known to herself alone.

John Lorimer did not look like a fit object for commiseration. He was, like all the Lorimer boys, straight of limb and strong of muscle, and carried his handsome head somewhat defiantly. Just then he was whistling "Captain Jinks" with more force than melody. The wind wafted the air to her in broken snatches. As he walked he settled the strap to his hunting pouch more comfortably about his collar bone.

Some one halted him as he reached the small gate. Nora could see a letter handed over the pickets to her husband. On the other side of the gate stood a very old man. He was bent with age. She could not recall ever having encountered him in any of her walks or drives.

The matter of a note handed to her husband by one of the people on the place would not have cost her a second thought, had not John behaved so curiously about it.

She could see him conceal the white envelope between his two large hands while he glanced in every direction, taking the lower part of the house in with a furtive sweep; after which he seemed to make a point of securing himself against observation while he read it. He planted himself squarely in front of the gate, with his back toward her point of observation, and held the paper at close range. After the reading, a hurried colloquy ensued between him and the man on the other side of the gate, who hobbled away at its close, leaving John standing in the same spot, evidently sunk in a profound revery.

He had leaned his gun against the gatepost while reading the letter. He picked it up presently, examined the lock abstractedly, and passed slowly out through the gate, closing it absently upon the noses of the three dogs. They ran yelping and protesting against this piece of inconsiderateness, until a low place in the fence furnished them their opportunity, when they vaulted over it, and, with their bruised noses close to the ground, soon disappeared, running in the direction John had taken.

John's wife turned away from the window, now that there was nothing more to be seen, conscious of a very lively curiosity touching the note which had, before her very eyes, transformed her husband almost instantaneously from a quick-stepping, careless, whistling huntsman into a grave, slow-moving, profoundly abstracted man.

"He had forgotten all about the dogs, evidently, and he stopped whistling! It takes a decided shock to make John break off a tune in the middle."

But whatever might have been the condition of his nerves when he passed through the gate going, to all seeming they were in admirable order when he entered her room some hours later, in a terribly bespattered condition, but radiant over his modicum of success.

"Nine snipe and three rabbits! How is that for a two hours' hunt, Mrs. John, by a man who hasn't had his finger on a trigger for a year?"

"It is a miracle, if I am to take my cue from your face, dear."

She was scanning him curiously. Would he tell her anything about the note? She let her eyes drop slowly from his face to his mud-spattered ankles.

"How does one contrive to get so muddy in such dry weather, John?"

"Snipe,—swamp birds, you know. No end of trouble to secure them. But I fancied they would be a treat to you and Ninette. Where is the monkey?"

"Celeste and she are out together, somewhere. She will be in presently."

No; it was evident he did not intend to tell her anything about that note. She had scarcely expected he would. On the other hand, she did not intend to tell him of Ninette's visit to Glenburnie. Was she in a position to cast stones? A secret for a secret.

The dinner-bell rang while he was still busy with the wisp broom, ridding himself of his forest accretions.

"You are not going to dinner in that rig?"

She turned from the mirror, where she had been putting the last precise touches to her own dinner toilette, to ask this question, as there was no sign of John's doffing his corduroys.

"I think I must to-day. I will apologize to mother."

"I don't think Mrs. Lorimer accepts apologies very gracefully. She prefers your not offending."

"I know it; but I have to take another tramp after dinner, and she will have to take me as I am this time."

"More snipe?"

"Yes—no; that is, of course, I shall take my gun along; but you mustn't always count on my being so successful." His evident nervousness increased with every word.

"I never count on anything," she said, enigmatically, as together they descended the stairway to the dining-room. Just as they reached it, she tried an experiment:

"If you will wait for me to slip into a flannel dress after dinner, I will tramp with you. I am a splendid walker."

"I could not think of such a thing," he said, with irritated emphasis; "it would wear you literally out."

"As you please," she said, coolly. "I fancied you would like to have me go."

"Under any other circumstances—I mean, at any other time—that is—"

"You are floundering, John, dear, abominably."

They were in the dining-room now, and John was excusing his hunting-garb to his mother.

"Going again, after dinner? It gets dark very early, you know, John. I like to have you all about me when the lamps are lighted, John."

"I know it, mother; but I must go this afternoon."

His brow contracted and his lids drooped until his eyes were almost invisible. Nora had learned the danger-signal. He had reached the limits of endurance.

The dinner was rather a failure, socially. Dick and Rafe clattered their forks and their tongues incessantly, but to no purpose, so far as brightening the atmosphere was concerned.

Lorimer and John were both gravely abstracted.

"I wonder if he knows," Nora said to herself, glancing at her brother-in-law's handsome serious face.

She was not sorry John did not go back to their room with her. Ninette was up there. She had heard her little feet pattering over their heads for some time. Celeste had smuggled her into the house while they were all at table. By to-morrow the child would have forgotten all about her visit to the flower-lady, but to-day she might make indiscreet revelations.

Celeste's mood had changed altogether since leaving the house. Her eyes were sparkling, and her whole meager person seemed inflated with an air of importance. Nora looked at her in surprise. She had anticipated at least three days of the sulks.

"The walk has done you good," she said, kindly. "I told you you ought to get out in the sunlight more."

Celeste stopped in front of her, with her hands folded over Ninette's cloak. She snapped the fingers of one hand audibly:

"That for a walk among wild weeds and dust. But I have made a discovery, madame. Bah! it is the people who set themselves up for saints in this world who are the sly and underhanded ones. I never set myself up as a saint. No one ever called Celeste Bougereaux a saint."

She laughed aloud with malicious glee.

"No one will ever be tempted to call you one until you look a little more like one than you do at this moment, Celeste. Who is it that you call sly and underhand?"

It was distinctly her duty to make this woman either speak more plainly or else hold her peace entirely. She was not prepared for Celeste's triumphantly prompt reply:

"Miss Fairbanks—the beautiful, saintly Miss Fairbanks, who sacrifices herself for her recluse of a father and yet consents to meet her lover clandestinely in the woods. Bah! it is only saints who can afford to run such risks."

Nora had grown white to the very lips. She abhorred herself almost as greatly as she did the yellow-skinned, glittering-eyed grinning wretch in front of her for her own next words:

"I want to know exactly what you mean, Celeste, and all that you mean."

"With pleasure, madame. I was so careless not to notice, until I had got nearly to the front gate of Glenburnie, that the child had lost one of her turquois shoulder bracelets. I left her among the flowers in the garden, while I ran back to the house for it. The pillars to that front veranda are miracles of bigness, madame. Miss Fairbanks must not have seen my approach. She was looking down upon the old man who sells her flowers. He stood upon the ground. I heard her say, very distinctly, but in a voice that was not quite steady: 'Tell him yes—I will come this once.' And the old man answered back: 'Dry bayou, remember, missy, five o'clock.' 'Dry bayou—five o'clock. I will be there, Cato, tell Mr. ——' Then, madame, Miss Fairbanks saw me, and her face, the pure white face of a saint, became redder than those roses she gave the child. That is exactly what I mean, madame, and all that I mean."

"Celeste, you are a devil."

"And Miss Fairbanks is a saint. That is as I have already said—come, Ninette, it is time you took your bath. I must wash the dust of Glenburnie from your feet, or you too may grow up to be a saint."

She disappeared, dragging the reluctant Ninette with her. Nora sat quite still, enveloped in all the pain and the powerlessness of a hideous nightmare.

In that nightmare trance she saw, disconnectedly, a beautiful woman sitting by the roadside, a withered black hand extending a white envelope towards her husband, John's hurried and unusual afternoon departure, Celeste's mocking face and malicious gossip.

"What then?" she asked, vehemently, aloud.

After a long silence she answered her own question:

"It would be nothing more than I deserve."

TO BE CONTINUED.

JEFFERSON AND JACKSON

Were Opposed to Banks of Issue Both State and National.

Andrew Jackson it was who said, "if congress has the right under the constitution to issue paper money, it was given them to be used by themselves, not to be delegated to indivi duals or banking corporations."

Thos. Jefferson it was who said "Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which we can rely for loans, it is our only resource which can never fail us, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose."

If you believe in the doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson and have the manhood to back up your belief with your votes, what party will you be acting with to-day? tf.

THE REMEDY—THE ALLIANCE DEMANDS

A NATIONAL CURRENCY THE BEST.

In a speech in the Senate in 1837, John C. Calhoun said:

"It appears to me, after bestowing the best reflection I can give no subject, that no convertible paper—that is, paper whose credit rests on a promise to pay—is suitable for currency. Bank paper is cheap to those who make it, but dear, very dear, to those who use it. On the other hand, a national currency, while it would greatly facilitate its financial operation, would cost nothing or next to nothing, and would, of course, add much to the cost of production, which would give to every branch of our industries great advantages both at home and abroad. And I now undertake to affirm without the least fear I can be answered, that a paper issued by the government, with a simple promise to receive it for all dues would form a perfect paper circulation which could not be abused by the government; that it would be as uniform in value as the metals themselves; and I shall be able to prove that it is within the constitution and powers of congress to use such a paper according to the most rigid rule of construing the constitution." (tf.)

When you don't get your paper send us a postal card at once. Don't wait two or three weeks. We will send you the missing copy and also investigate the trouble. (tf.)

ALL A GUESSING MATCH

Prophets Try to Peer Into the Twentieth Century.

WHAT THEY SEE AND PREDICT.

Hempstead Washburne Foresees No Very Radical Changes—Future Development of the South—Interesting Predictions From Walter Wellman, General Boynton, Congressman Dolliver and Others.

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The political condition of the United States in 1943 will be very similar to that of the present. Its social development will evolve a less ostentatious display of wealth, owing to increased intelligence and education of the masses, who even now frown upon unseemly displays of wealth as evidencing exceedingly bad taste.

The government, if then in existence, will become more simple, both in methods of election and in its executive branches.

Railroads, telegraphs and other quasi public corporations will either be owned by the government or under its control.

Our monetary system will doubtless be upon a gold basis, solely owing to the increasing output of silver and copper.

Temperance legislation will doubtless assume the form of high license and local option. Sumptuary prohibitory laws will not be countenanced by any intelligent and independent people.

There will be little if any change in the confinement or punishment of criminals, excepting that places of confinement will be conducted under more stringent supervision and all buildings made more in conformity with sanitary rules.

Divorce laws will still be maintained, and the marriage relations continue about as they have for the last 1,900 years.

The accumulation of wealth will increase in the hands of individuals until some time in the future laws will be enacted regulating the amount of wealth which may be inherited. In other words, laws will seek not to restrict the accumulation of wealth by the individual, but will restrict his leaving the same intact, so as to prevent the creation of a moneyed aristocracy by inheritance.

The future of great corporations and business aggregations will tend toward more perfect centralization until the monopolies become so obnoxious that they will be regulated by federal and local statutes.

The laboring classes will doubtless become thoroughly organized, and thereby attain a position of more independence as a body. The so called laboring classes of today when properly organized in the future will compose the great bulk of the conservative wealth producing population and will doubtless be so regulated by the laws of union as to eliminate worthless characters. When this is attained, the entire union of the laboring class will compose a certain middle class, the third class being composed principally of those who are unfitted by moral habits from entering the labor ranks. I look forward to union labor as the backbone of the republic in the next century. It will be to posterity what the well to do New England farmer and mechanic was to the past and is to the present age—neither rich nor poor, but sufficiently rich to be independent and educated.

The agricultural resources of our country, by comparison with Europe and older civilizations, are such as to justify the belief that the country will be able to care for its population—no matter how great—for many centuries yet to come.

The changes in law will keep pace with the requirements of the people and will grow with the civilization, as in the past. Theology will doubtless liberalize and broaden to meet the advanced thought of that age.

In a century from this time without doubt there will have been established a purely American literature as distinctive as that of any other old country of today.

Music and the drama will doubtless follow the literature of the day.

The educational methods will advance with the growing intelligence of the people, and the standard education of today will doubtless be looked back upon with as much contempt as we look back upon the average education of a century ago.

Dress will doubtless be similar to that of today, with some reform in the line of health in the dress of women.

Architecture and sanitary arrangements will doubtless be improved to a point which we do not as yet dream of by virtue of new methods and new discoveries, and transportation in great cities will be solved by some new genius who is yet unborn, for the problem is one of so much moment that all minds are turned to this question, and as yet no perfect solution has been discovered.

It is not improbable that women may obtain the right of franchise in many states. Her social status will then, as now, be what she herself makes it.

The servant problem will doubtless keep pace with the rheumatism, gout and other evils incidental to humanity as long as servants exist.

It is as useless to attempt to foretell the improvements in mechanics, industrial arts and modes of travel as it would have been 40 years ago for any one to have anticipated the telephone and its now universal use.

The race will doubtless be handsomer, and it will be more refined in its general makeup and manners; perhaps not so healthy, for it will drift more toward sedentary habits, and perhaps not any happier because of the greater struggle then than now for existence by reason of a greater competition.

Following history, which shows that the great cities of every continent are inland cities, Chicago or some inland city will be the largest in the United States.

HEMPSTEAD WASHBURNE.

Walter Wellman on Future Modes of Travel

Thought of what our civilization will be have and know 100 years hence is fascinating. In all the prescient horizon there is nothing that captivates so completely the imagination as the means of travel which mankind will invent and create and evolve. I am neither an engineer nor an inventor, but I think I see that we are on the eve of improvements and departures in travel which will in the space of 50 or at most 100 years amount to revolution. Improvements in steam locomotives already made and hard indicate that very soon, with corresponding improvements in tracks and carriages, speed of 80 to 100 miles per hour on long runs will be commonplace. As the speed increases luxuriousness will increase also. The appointments of parlor and sleeping coaches could not be much finer than they are, but means will be found to prevent or reduce the oscillation and jarring movement of the best coaches, so that one may ride at 100 miles an hour in such quiet that he will scarcely know from his physical sensations that he is flying through space.

The electrical railway will probably with in 10 years carry its travelers at a much higher rate of speed than this. The principal trunk lines between east and west, north and south, may run trains at 150 or more miles an hour, not only elevating the tracks to secure clear way, but inclosing them with light structures of glass or other material to escape atmospheric impediment. Steam railways will be extended to the uttermost parts of the continent, from Alaska to Patagonia, and while this extension is going on new and simpler forms of electric railways will enable all populous rural regions to enjoy the benefits of rapid transit and cheaper transportation over the country roads. Individual farmers will have their own lines for movement of product to the main line which passes their doors.

While there will be postal telegraph for letters, cheap and in almost universal use, there will also be electrical postal lines carrying mail matter across the continent at a speed of 200 or 300 miles an hour. Morning newspapers in all the large cities will be delivered at the breakfast tables of their readers by this means within a radius of 500 miles of the office of publication.

Moreover, perfection of the system of extracting from the earth the terrestrial magnetism with which it is impregnated, and which is electricity, will make that power cheap and common, and in the utilization of it we shall have electric carriages, wagons, delivery carts, bicycles.

Aerial navigation will come within the next century. It may not become universal or largely commercial, but it will be used for special travel, for exploration, for pleasure. It will be accomplished not by balloons, since a balloon that floats in the air cannot be steered at will, but by the aeroplane in combination with stored electric energy operating through engines of marvelous power and lightness. Within 25 years aerial navigation will solve the mystery of the north pole and the frozen ocean.

The most important improvement in means of travel, the one which will work greatest good to mankind, will be in metropolitan rapid transit. This is the greatest field today for the engineer and inventor. Solution of the problem, in my opinion, will be found not in underground railways, which are never likely to become popular in America, but in elevated electric railways inclosed with glass. Take that greatest of American thoroughfares, Broadway, for instance. It runs from one end to the other of the greatest metropolitan residence district on this continent. A hundred years hence it will be a scientific street. Over each sidewalk on a level with the first story of the buildings will be an inclosed way of glass securely closed in winter, partly open in summer. Through this will run two lines of cars in the same direction. One line will move at a speed of 30 or 40 miles an hour and never stop except in case of emergency. To and from these through trains passengers will be shifted by using movable platforms, also operated by electricity.

A brief explanation will make the idea clear. At Twenty-third street station many passengers are waiting to proceed down town. Several cars come to rest by the station platform. The passengers step aboard. In one minute they are moving southward at a rate of 30 miles an hour, gates are thrown open, and they step from the platform cars to the cars of a train moving on a parallel track at the same speed. At the same time the passengers who wish to leave the through train at the next station pass from the train to the platform cars and pass out at the station when these come to a rest there a few moments later. At this station the platform cars serve as at Twenty-third street, and so on down the line. During the moment of transfer to and from the movable platforms the two trains are interlocked and moving at the same speed. Stepping from one to the other, therefore, is as easy as stepping from a stationary platform to a train at rest.

By this method every passenger uses what is to him a through train without any delay whatever in passing from the way or local train to the fastest train on the through line. Automatic speed governing devices will make collisions impossible and permit trains on the through line to be run one minute apart. Each train will have a capacity of 500 or 1,000 passengers. This will give a carrying capacity of from 30,000 to 60,000 passengers per hour in each direction over one line. If traffic warrants the through trains may be made continuous, and the result would be virtually a stream of people moving on either side of the thoroughfare at great speed and in perfect comfort. The stations would be inclosed within the glass structure, and in winter or storm there would be no discomfort from the elements in opening doors or passing to and fro.

The transparent structure would not darken the street or the adjacent buildings. It could be made ornamental and artistic. Instead of disfiguring the thoroughfare, it would improve it æsthetically and practically, for pedestrians underneath would find a roof over their heads keeping off rain and snow and making it possible for the crossings to be kept clear of mud and detritus. Better still, the space between the structures and the buildings could be converted into an elevated sidewalk, and the second stories of shops, opening upon this arcade, would be as attractive as the lower ones, and the convenience and capacity of the buildings would be increased at the same time that the street below was relieved of its congestion.

In my opinion, the elevated and inclosed electric metropolitan railway, with roof for present sidewalks and arcade for second story entrances, with continuously moving trains served by movable platforms, will solve the rapid transit problem in New York, Chicago, Boston and other chief cities in the republic long before the new century shall have waned.

WALTER WELLMAN.

Congressman Dolliver's Contribution.

The most interesting tendency of these times is toward the use of great estates for the general welfare. The next century, while it may see the limitation of estates, will in nowise consent to the destruction of the right of individual ownership. The most influential forces at work in the field of social economy are moral and spiritual. It is becoming evident even to profane eyes that the world is a Purpose and not a Mass. A century can get much out of that view of things unless it goes stone blind.

It can, for example, secure a restatement of the real motives of living and thereby possibly bring mankind back to the strongholds of the early faith. It is not by accident that the past 50 years, a half century of incredible progress, have seen the accumulation of money on a scale hitherto unheard of in the world—not only the piling up of individual possessions, but also the general increment of wealth in every modern state. The bearing of a worldwide phenomenon like that is not truly discerned by those who in the wealth of individuals see only a standing threat against the commonwealth.

Already there are signs that the purpose of wealth is a divine purpose, so that thoughtful hearts, often cast down in the presence of the vulgar ostentation of riches, may take courage. Every day the press records the gift of thousands, often of millions, to public enterprises. The last week of the last December poured into the channels of education, charity and religion more than $5,000,000. What does it signify when a single Christmas is made memorable by such farsighted philanthropy as that of Philip D. Armour and John D. Rockefeller? It is a hint of the coming era, when all wealth, in order to escape reproach, if for no higher reason, shall enlist itself in the volunteer service of civilization.

A thousand enterprises looking to the progress of the human race are crippled by the want of money. A hundred splendid little American colleges are struggling with the problem of poverty. The church, in all her branches, seeking to move along the broad lines of the gospel, finds her magnificent projects at home and abroad belittled and discredited by a narrow treasury. It is as sure as any future thing that the making of money—or, more properly, the accumulation of money—is to go on through the coming century. Nor does it take a very acute insight to perceive that we are approaching the time when, without inviting the reforms proposed by state socialism, the products of labor, the fruits of genius, the dividends of investment and the spoils of commerce shall be more and more willingly put aside in the generous plans of the rich as trust funds, involving a high stewardship, for the ultimate use of the community. J. P. DOLLIVER.

General Boynton on the Development of the South.

Very frequent visits to the south during recent years lead me to believe that the greatest development of the next century will be in that section. For the first time in its history it has roused itself during the last decade to a comprehension of its limitless resources. The war was a blessing both to the nation and the south. The abolition of slavery was not its chief good. That was an incident. The emancipation of the white race was its greatest boon. Labor has been dignified; industry and energy are striding to the front and into leadership. Cotton was king, negro labor cultivated it, and iron and coal and the other abounding resources of a great empire slept almost unknown and undeveloped.

Now agriculture is diversified; mines are pouring out their wealth; the hum of varied manufacturing is the music of the new time. The Piedmont region of the south will long before the next Columbian centennial be the New England of the new south. This is the region of the Appalachian ranges and their foothills from the Potomac to central Georgia and Alabama. It includes West Virginia, eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, northern Alabama and Georgia, western South Carolina, western North Carolina and a large portion of old Virginia. It is 500 miles long and 200 miles wide. Its wealth in minerals, coal and all that the hills, mountains and forests produce is beyond computation.

Railroads have just rendered it all accessible, and its surface resources, which alone as yet are known, plainly indicate inexhaustible wealth. It has a climate which cannot be surpassed in the temperate regions, and its short winters are not only most attractive, but constitute an important element in development, since seasons for outdoor work are longer, and the needs of clothing, fuel and stock feeding far less. These uplands afford unlimited pasture and are everywhere adapted to grain and fruit. The streams are abundant, and water power inexhaustible. In its streams, its hill country and its mountains it is a magnified New England, while its southern climate gives it superior advantages.

Before the next centennial it will be the empire manufacturing region of the continent. The rich lowlands surrounding it will find consumers there for its products. The mountain and hill resources, the manufacturing population reducing and transforming them into the uses of civilization, and the supporting lower countries will together form mighty communities of which the new life now everywhere throbbing through this wonderful region gives certain promise.

H. V. BOYNTON

J. H. Beadle on the Futility of Prophecy.

The spirit of prophecy is abroad, and the futility of modern prophecy is beautifully illustrated almost daily. This era is singularly prolific of books like "Cæsar's Column" and "Looking Backward," with minor articles to which the future is portrayed. One radical philanthropist has given us a painfully interesting work, based on the tenth census, to prove that the negroes will soon predominate in eight states. Another futurist has proved to his own satisfaction that Christianity cannot outlast the twentieth century, and many others promise us many other wonderful things.

Of all these forecasts one thing may be said with tolerable certainty: Not one of them will be verified in its essential details. All history goes to show that the progress of society has invariably been on lines quite different from those laid down in advance, and generally by reason of inventions and discoveries which few or none had expected.

Since mankind advanced so far as to have a literature these forecasts have been a favorite amusement with talented men of a certain ideal temperament. Plato's Ideal republic and Sir Thomas More's Utopia are prominent instances, and it is a fact, and a most significant fact, that from Plato down the whole line to Dr. John Cumming every such guess at the future has been made ridiculous by the actual facts.

The explanation is simple. The prophet is compelled to judge from the forces in operation in his time, and the wisest man cannot possibly foresee the results of the next invention. So far from expecting the railroad and telegraph, Plato and Thomas More could not possibly have comprehended such things if revealed to them by one divinely inspired. Blair, Tourgee and many more had scarcely proved to us what would happen in the south, on the basis of the tenth census, when the eleventh census showed us that the whites there were increasing much more rapidly than the blacks.

"Don't never prophesy unless y' know," was the sensible advice of a backwoods statesman, and it is peculiarly appropriate just now. The present evil, say the present prophets, is the concentration of wealth, the growth of corporate power and the disproportionate increase of city populations. But it is possible—nay, it is quite probable—that the next invention will be of a method of storing energy, so it can be shipped in small packages and applied wherever wanted.

In that case Niagara falls may supply power to run the manufactories of Texas. Power can be applied on a small scale just as economically as on a large scale, and every little town—every rural neighborhood perhaps—can have its little cotton and woolen mill. The farmer may plow his fields and heat his dwelling with a storage battery no bigger than a common brick, and the coal monopoly be dead as Julius Cæsar; but, on second thought, this is prophesying and must be cut short. J. H. BEADLE.

AN ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN.

Commander Dickins' Wife Has Improved Her Opportunities For Culture.

Mrs. Marguerite Dickins, the wife of Commander F. W. Dickins, U. S. N., who was detailed to attend the Duke of Veragua and his family while in this country, accompanies her husband and adds not a little to the pleasure of our distinguished guests and those who meet them by her charming personality and her ability to converse in several different languages.

She was born in the beautiful valley of the Unadilla in western New York and spent most of her childhood years with her widowed mother at the home of her grandfather, Noah Ely, Esq., a prominent and learned lawyer, under whose tuition she acquired a very thorough knowledge of the dead languages. After her mother's marriage to Mr. C. Francis Bates of Boston, her education was continued at one of the best private schools of New York city. Later she spent three years abroad studying art and the languages, of which she speaks fluently French, Spanish and German. About 16 years ago, soon after returning to this country, she married Commander F. W. Dickins and with him has been pretty much all over the worlds—the watery world and the shores thereof.

Between 1883 and 1891 her husband was stationed at Callao, Peru, and various points on the coast of Brazil, Uruguay and Paraguay. Mrs. Dickins lived on board ship, making excursions here and there into the countries, becoming familiar with the customs of the people and observing their home life. Her perfect command of the Spanish lan-

MRS. MARGUERITE DICKINS.

guage enabled her to learn many things which would have been a sealed book to one less gifted, and she gave these impressions and observations to American readers in many charmingly written letters published in Washington and other papers. Her latest voyage with her husband was to Japan last summer, and she gave some exceedingly entertaining "impressions" of that country in a series of articles in the Washington Post. "Along Shore With a Man of War," a well gotten up and beautifully illustrated volume, is a "round up," as one may say, of the places she has visited, and very readable indeed.

Commander and Mrs. Dickins have a pretty home in Washington filled with interesting souvenirs of their journeyings.

JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

The scarcity of girls for domestic service is becoming a serious matter in New York city. Any strong and healthy young woman from the country who would consent to do housework could be sure of a good home and good treatment at any time at wages of from $16 to $20 a month. A girl could save money enough to take her to college at such pay.

A Clear Track.

Young Callow—Do you know there are certain lines that keep running through and through my head all the time?

Miss Cutting—Well, what's to stop them?—Boston Courier.

WHY THEY ARE IDLE.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION OFFICIALS ON THE UNEMPLOYED.

The Experts Fail to Agree Upon Important Points—"There Is Too Much Charity In New York"—High Salaried Mouthpieces Who Don't Know Much.

The New York Times says a philanthropist desiring to gain some detailed and specific knowledge on the subject of the unemployed in New York City recently prepared the following questions and submitted them to several persons supposed to be qualified to give approximate answers:

1. Is there in New York city at any given time a class of ablebodied, intelligent, industrious men unable to obtain work?

2. (a) If so, are the members of such a class skilled or unskilled? (b) Can they speak English? (c) How long, on an average, have they been in this country?

3. Can you give an approximate answer as to the average time an ablebodied, intelligent, industrious man, speaking English, would remain out of work in New York?

4. In general, to what do you ascribe the inability to find work of the men who apply to your society for relief?

A set of these questions was sent to The Times, and a reporter was assigned to the task of interviewing certain prominent citizens identified with the city's organized charities. The first man seen by the reporter was James A. Scrymser, one of the vice presidents of the New York Association For Improving the Condition of the Poor. The first words of this official of the society with a clothesline name was rather in the nature of a "backcap" upon the concern of which he is one of the heads. He said, "There is too much charity in New York, and the more I study the subject the surer I am of what I say."

Mr. Scrymser's explanation of his remark was that, owing to the fact that "New York's fame has gone out far and wide as a place where no man will be allowed to starve," the tramps and others who are unemployed flock into the city from the adjoining country within a radius of 200 miles. Notwithstanding the "fame" referred to, Mr. Scrymser admits that "sometimes a poor woman with a baby is found in the streets actually starving to death." Of these thousands of unemployed who flock to New York he says:

They come here and crowd everybody else a little closer and make living a little harder all around, and they lower the wages of men whose wages are low enough already. They are intruders and aliens in New York, and they deserve much less sympathy than thoughtless and soft hearted persons are apt to bestow upon them.

There is probably "too much charity in New York" of the Scrymser kind, for he thinks the poor wretches whose fear of starvation drives them to the shelter of New York's "fame" receive more sympathy than they should have. They ought to stay where there is less "fame" and more starvation. In conclusion the vice president of the N. Y. A. I. C. P. said:

As to the last question on the list, the reason why men are unable to find work here, I should answer, first, incompetency; second, laziness; third, intemperance, and last and least, old age and sickness.

For the present let that pass while we consider the utterances of another gentleman interviewed by the reporter. Francis S. Longworth, general agent of the long named society mentioned above, said:

To the first question, as to the existence in New York at any given time of a class of ablebodied, intelligent, industrious men unable to obtain work, I would say yes.

To the second question I would say that, as a rule, they are unskilled, that the majority cannot speak English, and that they have been in the country about three months on an average.

Nearly all of these foreigners of different nationalities are unskilled, except the Germans and some of the Scandinavians. There are some English mill operatives who come here and soon drift away to Lowell, Lawrence, Fall River or Paterson, to the centers of the woolen and cotton manufacture. The majority of the skilled laborers who come here are Germans who are carpenters, plumbers, iron workers, wood carvers and good artisans in general.

As to the third question, touching the average time an ablebodied, intelligent, industrious man speaking English would be out of work in New York, I should say about one month, but if skilled he would often have to resort to unskilled labor first. This I say of a man speaking English, which is a very important factor in the result.

Finally, the main reasons why men who apply here for help cannot obtain work I would classify thus: First, old age and sickness; second, laziness; third, incompetency, and, fourth, intemperance.

Just how Mr. Longworth makes his answer to the first question fit in with what he says in the final paragraph is not clear unless he means that all the "ablebodied, intelligent and industrious" men are too old or too sick to work. He disagrees with the vice president of his society by almost completely reversing the order of his "reasons" why men are unable to find work. Evidently the statistics of the society are open to differing interpretations.

Charles D. Kellogg, general secretary of the Charity Organization society, was asked to give answers to the list of questions and referred the matter to Robert W. Hebberd, superintendent of agents of the society, who spoke for himself and for Mr. Kellogg. He said:

As to the first question, neither in my official nor in my personal capacity do I know of any such class as a class in New York at this time. My reason for saying and feeling so is this: The Chicago fair has been a great blessing to the poor people of New York, for it has drained the surplus of labor and made times better here. I am quite prepared to believe that at a time of great depression in business such a class would exist here, and a large one. But at present I neither meet men who claim to belong to such a class nor do I hear of them.

This seems to be a great year for conflicts in expert testimony. Recent murder trials have shown equally "reliable" experts taking directly opposite positions upon medical questions, and here we find the experts upon poverty and charity contradicting each other. Mr. Hebberd further disagrees with the gentlemen of the N. Y. A. I. C. P. in his answer to the last question in the philanthropist's list. On this point he says:

The main reason why men cannot find employment in this city is because they will not take whatever work offers and stick at it until something better is to be got.

So it appears that the men who crawl into New York to avoid starvation are fastidious about their employment. They want the good jobs, which are all filled, and are not willing to take common work, which, according to Mr. Hebberd, must be plentiful, until there are vacancies for them in the soft things. What is to become of the men who step out to create the vacancies we are not told. It may be that they are the ones who have gone to Chicago.

"The World's fair has been a blessing to the poor of New York." It has drawn to Chicago many of the poor who would have summered in New York city. It doesn't matter how much poverty and misery there is in the country so long as it isn't right under the noses of the New York charity organization officials. This is one kind of charity. It is the kind that begins and stops at home.

Once more, permit me to say that Mr. Scrysmer is right when he says "there is too much charity in New York"—too much of the kind.

The philanthropist had better apply elsewhere with his little bundle of questions if he is desirous of securing sensible and satisfactory information regarding the problem of the unemployed.

JARB.

No Bigger!

He—This shoe doesn't fit. Try a bigger one.

She (severely)—No, sir. Bring me the same size a little larger.—Denver Sun.

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